MAD
SCIENCE
NO. 45
OCT
2025
NOT A VACCINE!
FLUORIDE-FREE
The HHS ANTI-Body Handbook
WORRY?
BEAR SWEAT
MADMAG.COM

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #89, SEP 1964
ARTIST **NORMAN MINGO**

MAD

NO. 45 OCTOBER 2025

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER
SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR
BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

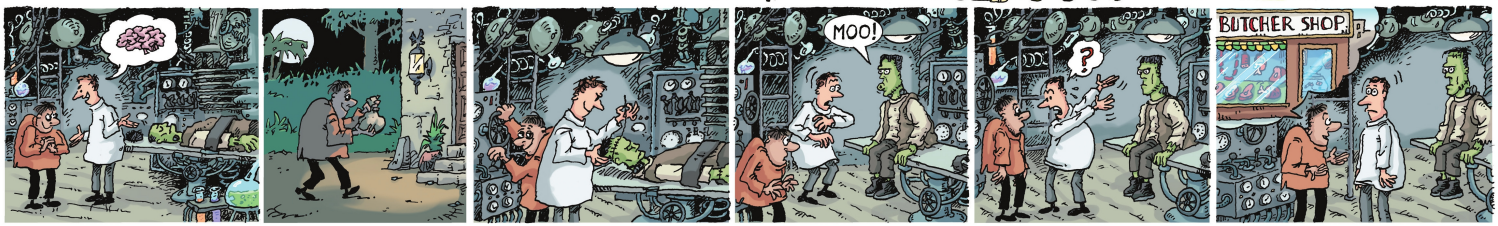
CONTENTS

02 A MAD Look at Mutant Monsters
06 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, MAD #77, Mar 1963
08 Spy Vs. Spy
10 A MAD Peek Through the Microscope, MAD #70, Apr 1962
13 Frank N. Stein! MAD #8, Dec 1953/Jan 1954
21 Scenes We'd Like to See – The Monster and the Villagers, MAD #44, Jan 1959
22 Everyday Annoyances of Elderly Monsters, MAD #515, Jun 2012
24 Spy Vs. Spy, MAD #355, Mar 1997
26 Dastardly Dr. Bunk's MAD Monster Lab!! MAD #16, Dec 2020
28 One Fine Day in the Animal Testing Lab, MAD #394, Jun 2000
29 The Horror of Quack-enstein
33 One Dark Night in a Laboratory, MAD #165, Mar 1974
34 The Man of Science – America's Next Mass Media Hero, MAD #61, Mar 1961
38 Has Your Food Been Genetically Altered? MAD #405, May 2001
40 Bill Nye the Séance Guy: Look Who's Espoused Science for the Spirits
41 A Boy and His Chemistry Set, MAD #103, Jun 1966
42 Another MAD Peek Through the Microscope, MAD #89, Sep 1964
46 Genetics and You!
48 Frankenslime (A MAD movie Parody), MAD #334, Mar/Apr 1995
53 The U.S. Czar of Science
54 Spy Vs. Spy, MAD #96, Jul 1965
55 Scenes We'd Like to See – The Bride of Frankenstein, MAD #334, Mar/Apr 1995
56 You May Have Been a Test Tube Baby If... MAD #355, Mar 1997

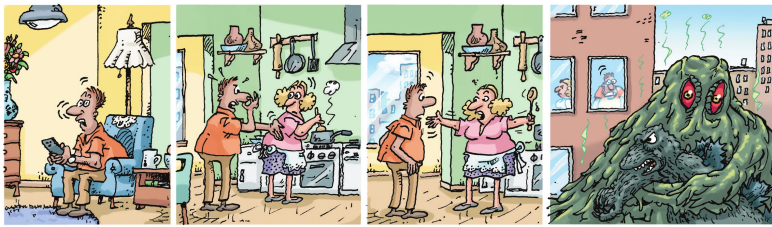
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots
EDITORIAL CONSULTANT Paula Sevenbergen
INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson
VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés
COVER ARTIST Terry Wolfinger

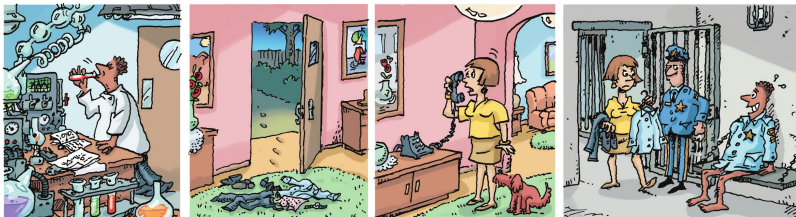
The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

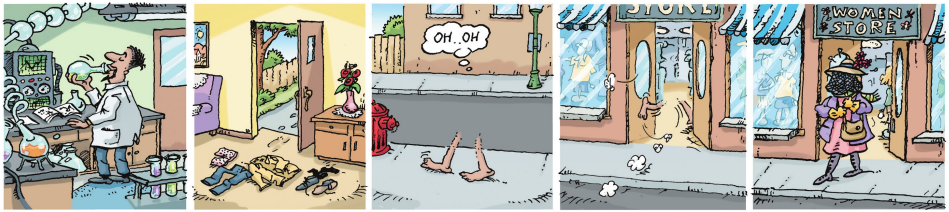
SERGIO ARAGONÉS PRESENTS A MAD LOOK AT MUTANT MONSTERS



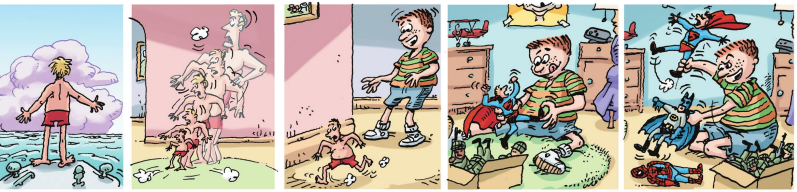
WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**

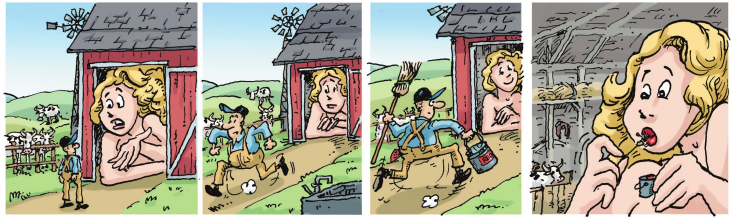


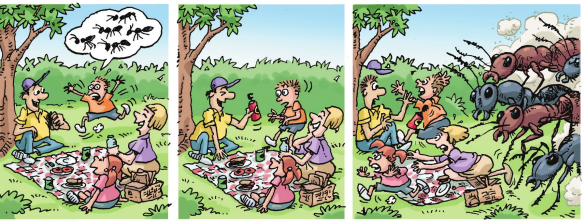


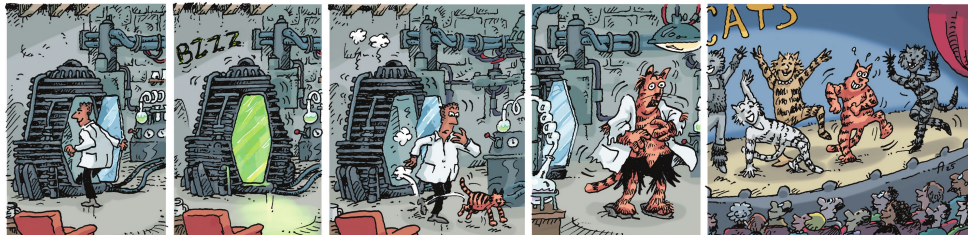

OH..OH
WOMEN'S STORE
SHUSHNIK BLENDER
FREE SAMPLES
FREE DONUTS
FREE COFFEE
FREE CAKE

SHUSHNIK BLENDER
FREE SAMPLES
FREE DONUTS
FREE COFFEE
FREE CAKE



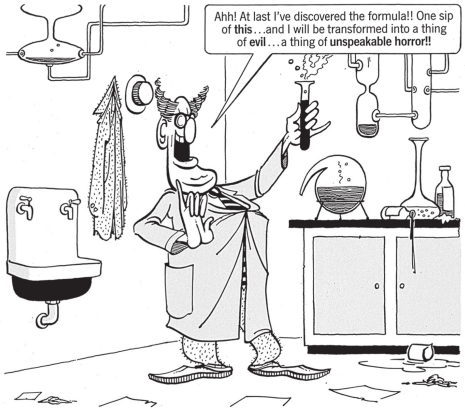


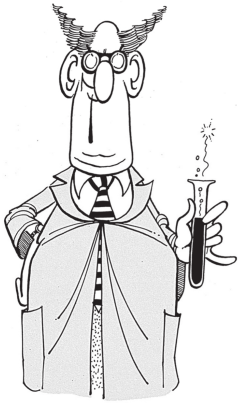


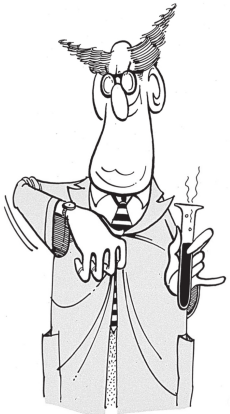

BZZZ
CATS

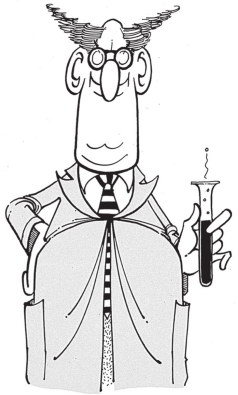
When Don Martin is mixing the drinks, you can rest assured that the results will be "Bottoms Up!" . . . especially when he tries to duplicate the experiments of his idols:

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

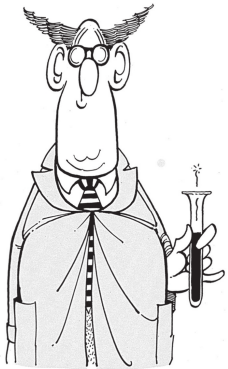

Ahh! At last I've discovered the formula!! One sip of **this**...and I will be transformed into a thing of **evil**...a thing of **unspeakable horror!!**



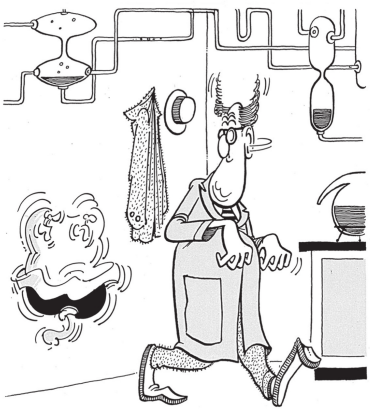


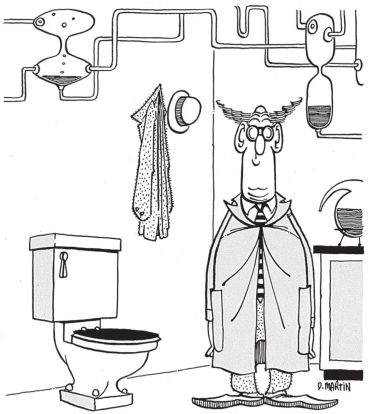


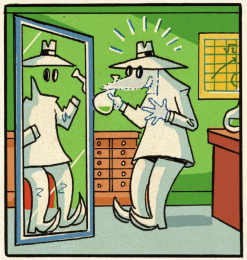
WRITER & ARTIST **DON MARTIN**



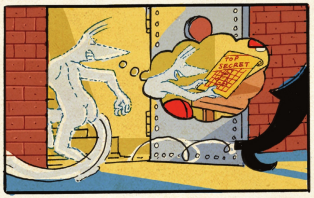
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #77, MAR 1963

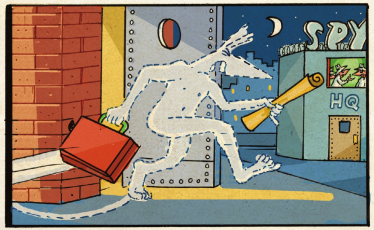






WRITER & ARTIST **PETER KUPER**





KUPER

Have you ever wondered what the creatures who populate the world invisible to the naked eye are thinking? The science editors at MAD felt this question has gone unanswered far too long! Unfortunately, that question will still remain unanswered by this article, which we call...

A MAD Peek Through The MICROSCOPE

WRITER **PHIL HAHN** ARTIST **BOB CLARKE**

Okay, Buster! Where's the heartburn!?

Curious! It appears to be some sort of invisible shield!!

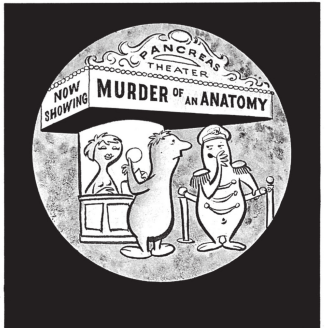
Isn't that disgusting! One lousy bit part in a "Stripe" commercial...and he goes Hollywood on us!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #70, APR 1962

My problem is this recurring nightmare in which I discover I'm not a germ at all . . . just a psychosomatic illusion!

Then, Gentlemen, when you reach this point, a sneeze will automatically eject you, and you will be orbiting in outer space! Any questions?

To arms! To arms! The Miracle Drugs are coming!



The bacteria did it!

Whattya say we all go down t'de Stomach ...an' start a rumble!?

THE SCENE FOR THIS REAL CRAZY STORY IS SET IN THE LITTLE EUROPEAN TOWN OF VEEBLEFETZER! A FIGURE, BENT BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF A GRISLY RED SACK, IS SEEN TOILING UP THE HILL TOWARDS THE CASTLE OF BARON VON STEIN!... BARON FRANCESCO NAPOLEON STEIN... KNOWN FOR SHORT AS...

FRANK N. STEIN!

BILL ELDER B.S.

WRITER **HARVEY KURTZMAN** ARTIST **WILL ELDER**

TURN NEXT CIRCLE FOR HOWARD JOHNSON'S

BLAM BAM

WHO IST DAS OUDT DERE?

DAS IST ME... **BUMBLE**, BOSS!

NIGHT DEPOSIT VAULT

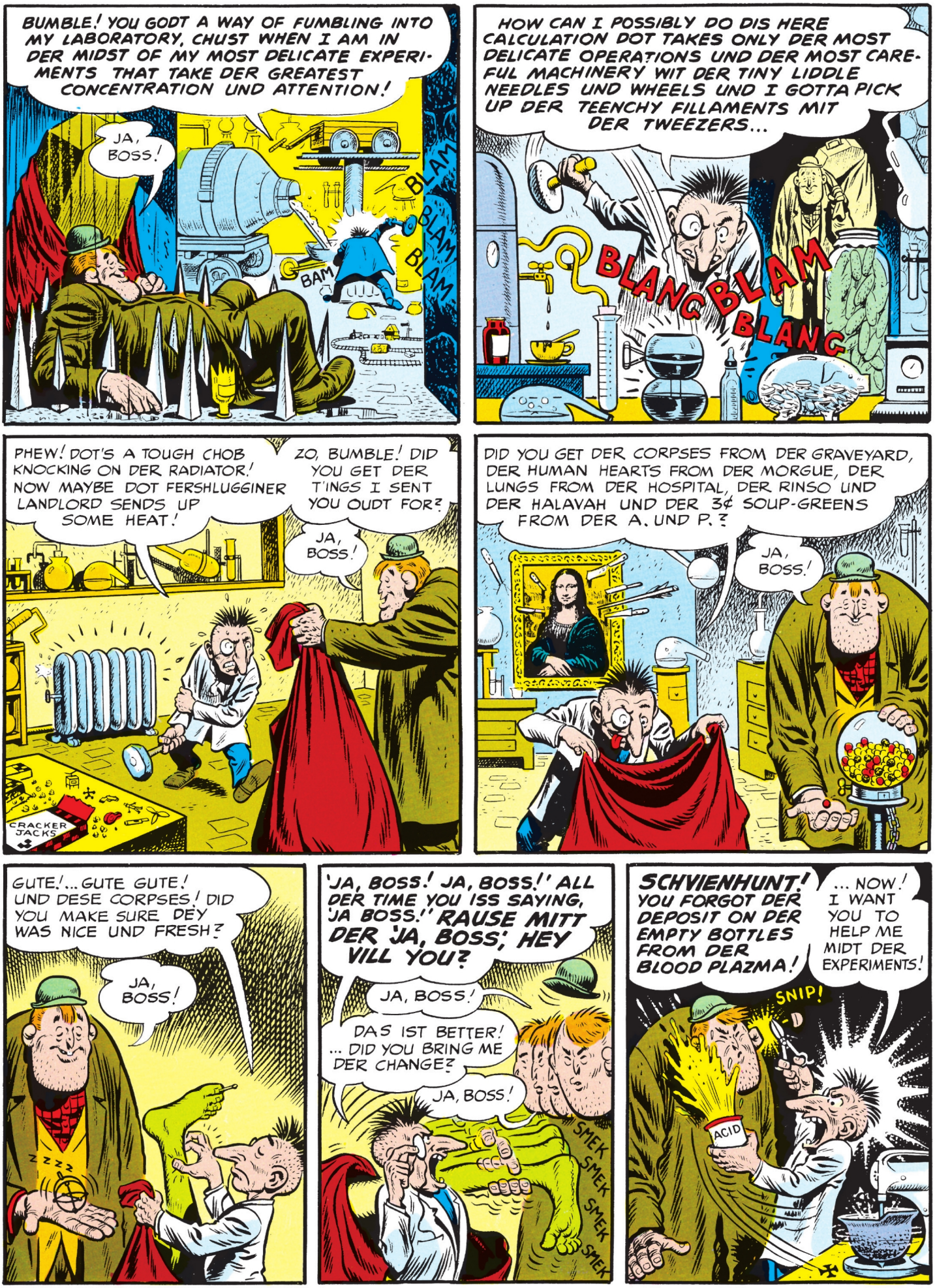
YAAAAAA

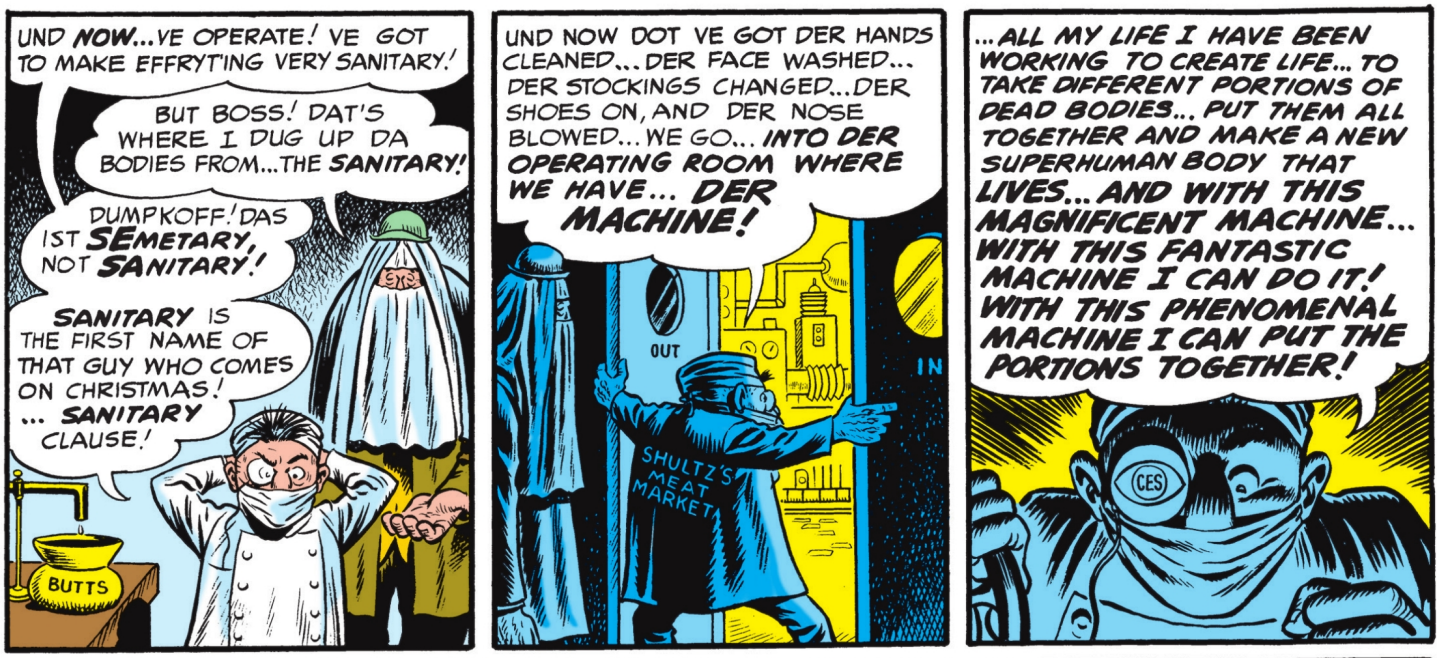
BLAM BAM BZZZZZZ

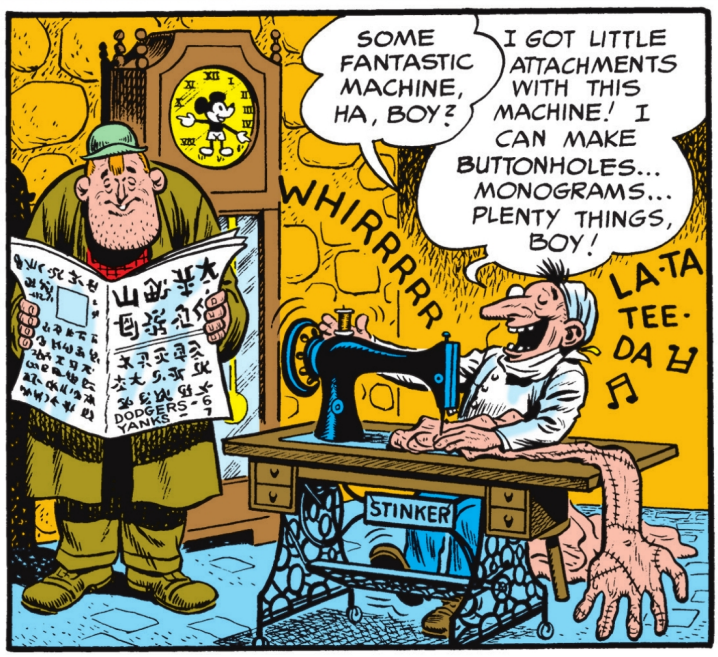
DAS IST YOU, BUMBLE? DEN IF DAS IST YOU, I PUSH DER BUZZER TO DER FRONT DOOR UND LEDT YOU IN!

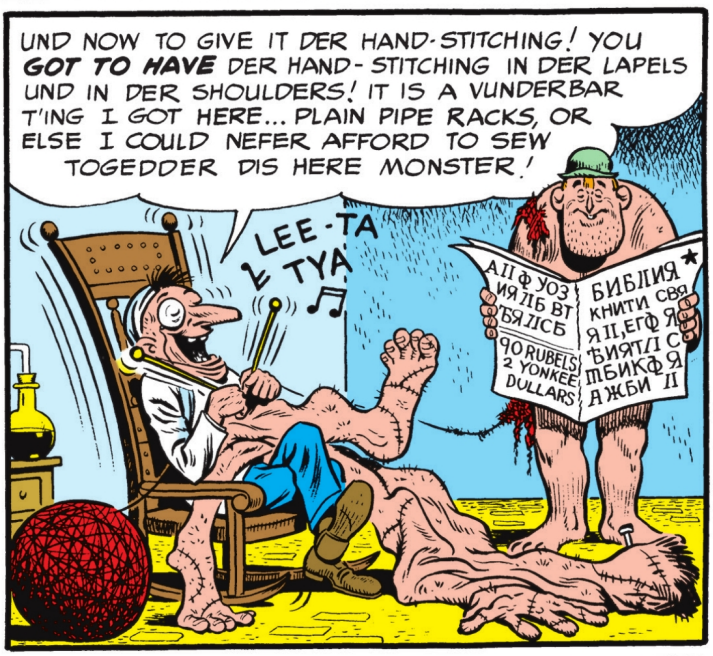
SODA-MAT

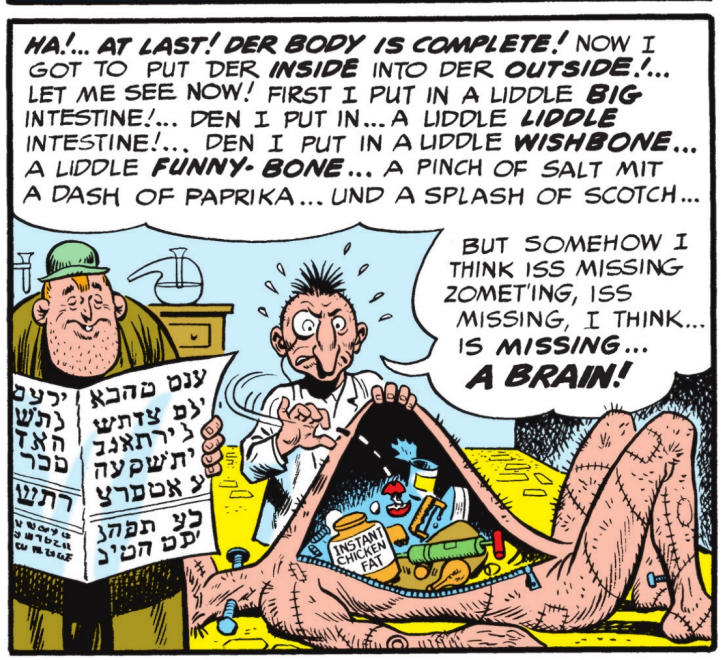
CUPS

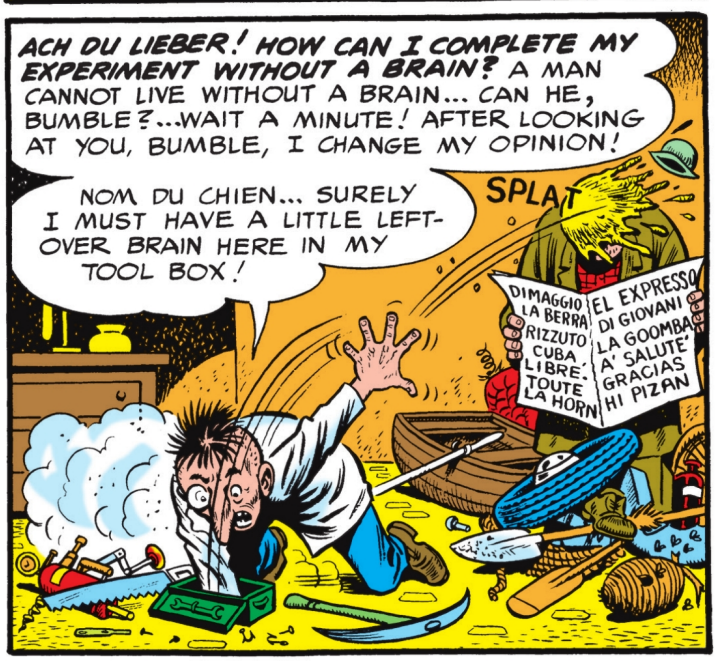

BUMBLE! YOU GODT A WAY OF FUMBLING INTO MY LABORATORY, CHUST WHEN I AM IN DER MIDST OF MY MOST DELICATE EXPERIMENTS THAT TAKE DER GREATEST CONCENTRATION UND ATTENTION!
JA, BOSS!
BAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM
HOW CAN I POSSIBLY DO DIS HERE CALCULATION DOT TAKES ONLY DER MOST DELICATE OPERATIONS UND DER MOST CAREFUL MACHINERY WIT DER TINY LIDDLE NEEDLES UND WHEELS UND I GOTTA PICK UP DER TEENCHY FILLAMENTS MIT DER TWEEZERS...
BLANG BLAM BLANG
PHEW! DOT'S A TOUGH CHOB KNOCKING ON DER RADIATOR! NOW MAYBE DOT FERSHLUGGINER LANDLORD SENDS UP SOME HEAT!
ZO, BUMBLE! DID YOU GET DER T'INGS I SENT YOU OUDT FOR?
JA, BOSS!
CRACKER JACKS
DID YOU GET DER CORPSES FROM DER GRAVEYARD, DER HUMAN HEARTS FROM DER MORGUE, DER LUNGS FROM DER HOSPITAL, DER RINSO UND DER HALAVAH UND DER 3¢ SOUP-GREENS FROM DER A. UND P.?
JA, BOSS!
GUTE!... GUTE GUTE! UND DESE CORPSES! DID YOU MAKE SURE DEY WAS NICE UND FRESH?
JA, BOSS!
Z Z Z Z
'JA, BOSS! JA, BOSS!' ALL DER TIME YOU ISS SAYING, 'JA BOSS.' RAUSE MITT DER 'JA, BOSS,' HEY VILL YOU?
JA, BOSS!
DAS IST BETTER! ... DID YOU BRING ME DER CHANGE?
JA, BOSS!
SMEK SMEK SMEK SMEK
SCHVIENHUNT! YOU FORGOT DER DEPOSIT ON DER EMPTY BOTTLES FROM DER BLOOD PLAZMA!
... NOW! I WANT YOU TO HELP ME MIDT DER EXPERIMENTS!
SNIP!
ACID

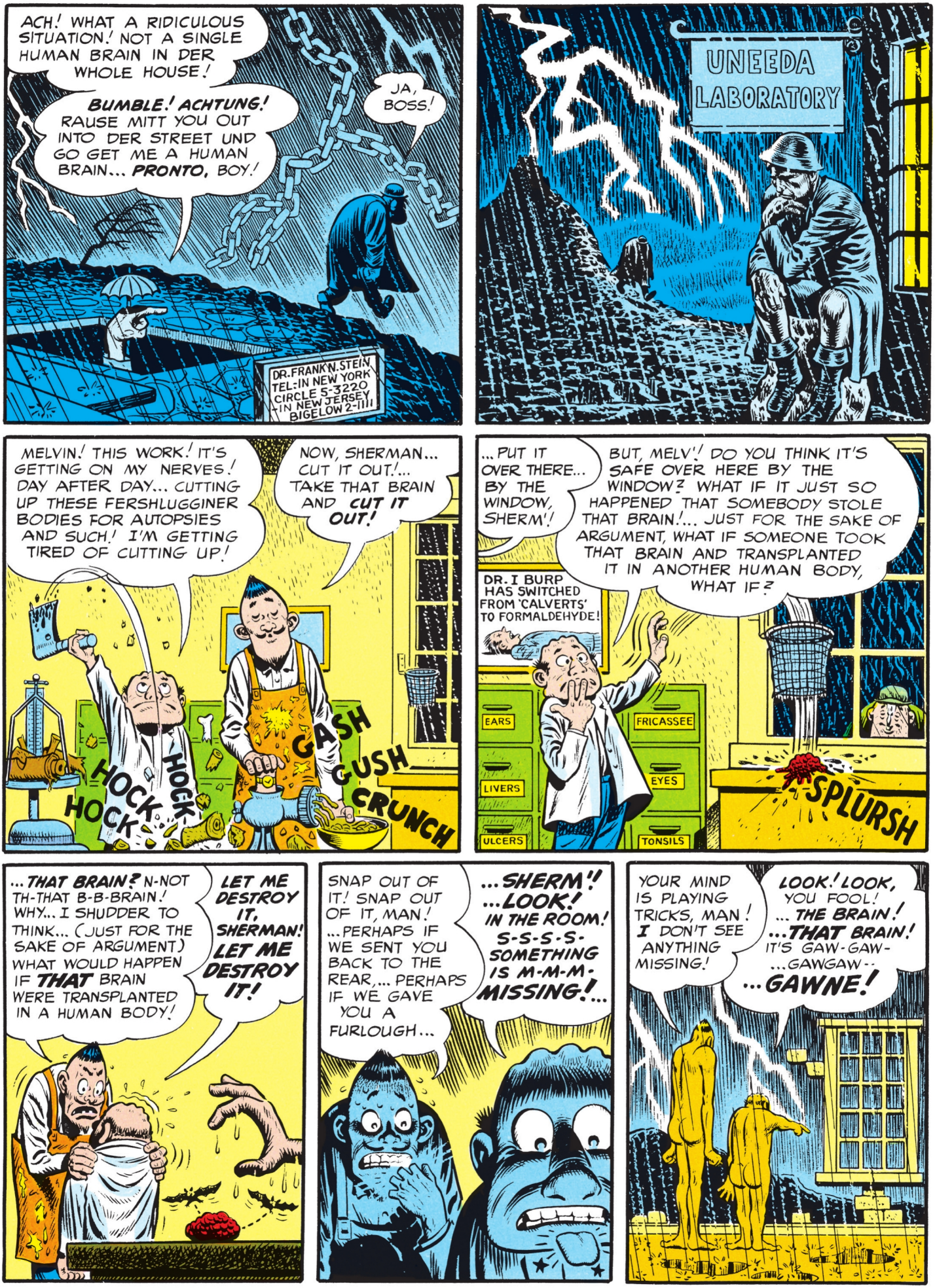

UND NOW...VE OPERATE! VE GOT TO MAKE EFFRYT'ING VERY SANITARY!
BUT BOSS! DAT'S WHERE I DUG UP DA BODIES FROM...THE SANITARY!
DUMPKOFF! DAS IST SEMETARY, NOT SANITARY!
SANITARY IS THE FIRST NAME OF THAT GUY WHO COMES ON CHRISTMAS! ... SANITARY CLAUSE!
BUTTS
UND NOW DOT VE GOT DER HANDS CLEANED... DER FACE WASHED... DER STOCKINGS CHANGED...DER SHOES ON, AND DER NOSE BLOWED... WE GO... INTO DER OPERATING ROOM WHERE WE HAVE... DER MACHINE!
OUT
IN
SHULTZ'S MEAT MARKET
...ALL MY LIFE I HAVE BEEN WORKING TO CREATE LIFE... TO TAKE DIFFERENT PORTIONS OF DEAD BODIES... PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER AND MAKE A NEW SUPERHUMAN BODY THAT LIVES... AND WITH THIS MAGNIFICENT MACHINE... WITH THIS FANTASTIC MACHINE I CAN DO IT! WITH THIS PHENOMENAL MACHINE I CAN PUT THE PORTIONS TOGETHER!
CES

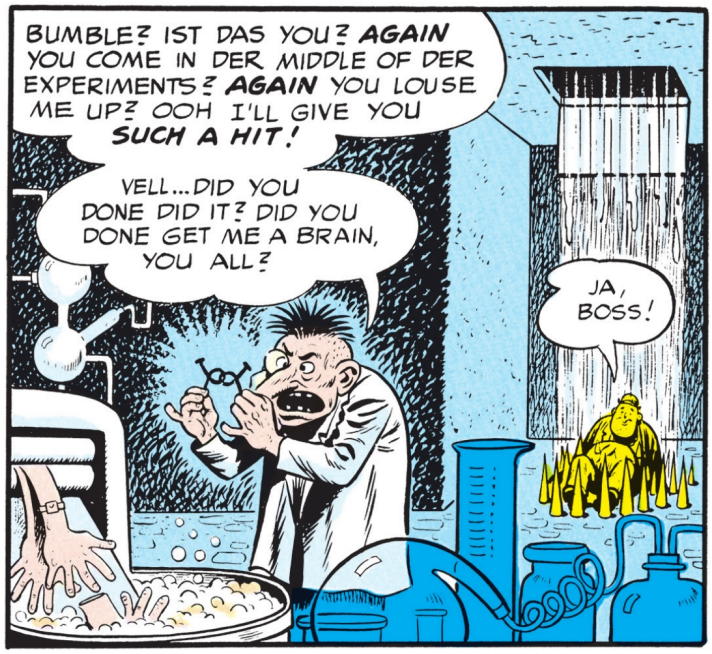

SOME FANTASTIC MACHINE, HA, BOY?
I GOT LITTLE ATTACHMENTS WITH THIS MACHINE! I CAN MAKE BUTTONHOLES... MONOGRAMS... PLENTY THINGS, BOY!
WHIRRRRR
LA-TA TEE-DA
DODGERS - 9
YANKS - 7
STINKER

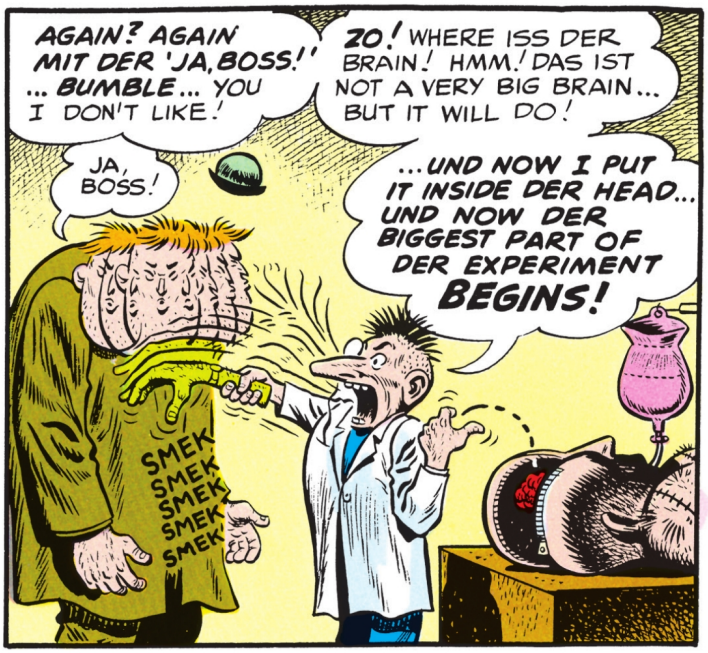

UND NOW TO GIVE IT DER HAND-STITCHING! YOU GOT TO HAVE DER HAND-STITCHING IN DER LAPELS UND IN DER SHOULDERS! IT IS A VUNDERBAR T'ING I GOT HERE... PLAIN PIPE RACKS, OR ELSE I COULD NEFER AFFORD TO SEW TOGEDDER DIS HERE MONSTER!
LEE-TA TYA
90 RUBELS 2 YONKEE DULLARS
БИБЛИЯ


HA!... AT LAST! DER BODY IS COMPLETE! NOW I GOT TO PUT DER INSIDE INTO DER OUTSIDE!... LET ME SEE NOW! FIRST I PUT IN A LIDDLE BIG INTESTINE!... DEN I PUT IN... A LIDDLE LIDDLE INTESTINE!... DEN I PUT IN A LIDDLE WISHBONE... A LIDDLE FUNNY-BONE... A PINCH OF SALT MIT A DASH OF PAPRIKA... UND A SPLASH OF SCOTCH...
BUT SOMEHOW I THINK ISS MISSING ZOMET'ING, ISS MISSING, I THINK... IS MISSING... A BRAIN!
INSTANT CHICKEN FAT

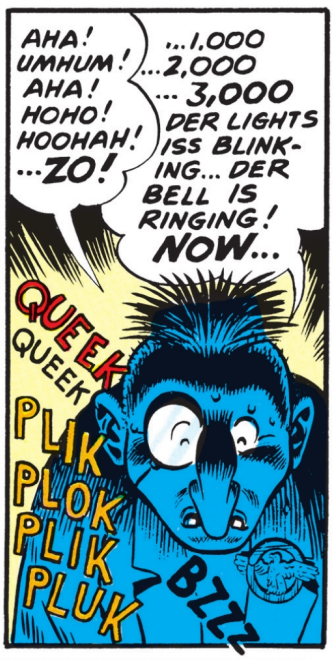

ACH DU LIEBER! HOW CAN I COMPLETE MY EXPERIMENT WITHOUT A BRAIN? A MAN CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT A BRAIN... CAN HE, BUMBLE?...WAIT A MINUTE! AFTER LOOKING AT YOU, BUMBLE, I CHANGE MY OPINION!
NOM DU CHIEN... SURELY I MUST HAVE A LITTLE LEFT-OVER BRAIN HERE IN MY TOOL BOX!
SPLAT
DIMAGGIO LA BERRA RIZZUTO CUBA LIBRE TOUTE LA HORN
EL EXPRESSO DI GIOVANI LA GOOMBA A' SALUTE' GRACIAS HI PIZAN


ACH! WHAT A RIDICULOUS SITUATION! NOT A SINGLE HUMAN BRAIN IN DER WHOLE HOUSE!
BUMBLE! ACHTUNG! RAUSE MITT YOU OUT INTO DER STREET UND GO GET ME A HUMAN BRAIN... PRONTO, BOY!
JA, BOSS!
DR. FRANK N. STEIN TEL: IN NEW YORK CIRCLE 5-3220 IN NEW JERSEY BIGELOW 2-1111
UNEEDA LABORATORY
MELVIN! THIS WORK! IT'S GETTING ON MY NERVES! DAY AFTER DAY... CUTTING UP THESE FERSHLUGGINER BODIES FOR AUTOPSIES AND SUCH! I'M GETTING TIRED OF CUTTING UP!
NOW, SHERMAN... CUT IT OUT!... TAKE THAT BRAIN AND CUT IT OUT!
HOCK HOCK HOCK
GASH GUSH CRUNCH
...PUT IT OVER THERE... BY THE WINDOW, SHERM'!
BUT, MELV'! DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE OVER HERE BY THE WINDOW? WHAT IF IT JUST SO HAPPENED THAT SOMEBODY STOLE THAT BRAIN!... JUST FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT, WHAT IF SOMEONE TOOK THAT BRAIN AND TRANSPLANTED IT IN ANOTHER HUMAN BODY, WHAT IF?
DR. I BURP HAS SWITCHED FROM 'CALVERTS' TO FORMALDEHYDE!
EARS
FRICASSEE
LIVERS
EYES
ULCERS
TONSILS
SPLURSH
...THAT BRAIN? N-NOT TH-THAT B-B-BRAIN! WHY... I SHUDDER TO THINK... (JUST FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT) WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THAT BRAIN WERE TRANSPLANTED IN A HUMAN BODY!
LET ME DESTROY IT, SHERMAN! LET ME DESTROY IT!
SNAP OUT OF IT! SNAP OUT OF IT, MAN! ...PERHAPS IF WE SENT YOU BACK TO THE REAR,... PERHAPS IF WE GAVE YOU A FURLOUGH...
...SHERM'! ...LOOK! IN THE ROOM! S-S-S-S-SOMETHING IS M-M-M-MISSING!...
YOUR MIND IS PLAYING TRICKS, MAN! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING MISSING!
LOOK! LOOK, YOU FOOL! ...THE BRAIN! ...THAT BRAIN! IT'S GAW-GAW-...GAWGAW-- ...GAWNE!


BUMBLE? IST DAS YOU? AGAIN YOU COME IN DER MIDDLE OF DER EXPERIMENTS? AGAIN YOU LOUSE ME UP? OOH I'LL GIVE YOU SUCH A HIT!
VELL...DID YOU DONE DID IT? DID YOU DONE GET ME A BRAIN, YOU ALL?
JA, BOSS!

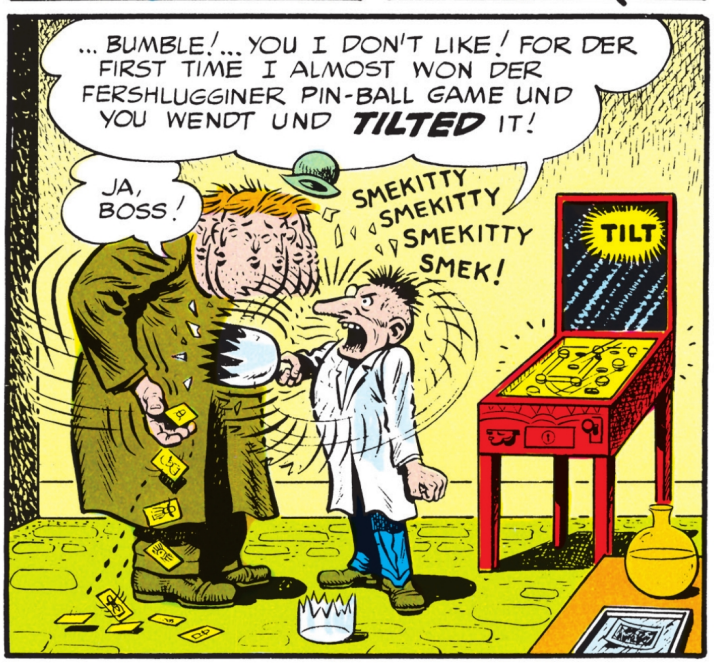

AGAIN? AGAIN MIT DER 'JA, BOSS!' ... BUMBLE... YOU I DON'T LIKE!
ZO! WHERE ISS DER BRAIN! HMM! DAS IST NOT A VERY BIG BRAIN... BUT IT WILL DO!
JA, BOSS!
...UND NOW I PUT IT INSIDE DER HEAD... UND NOW DER BIGGEST PART OF DER EXPERIMENT BEGINS!
SMEK SMEK SMEK SMEK SMEK

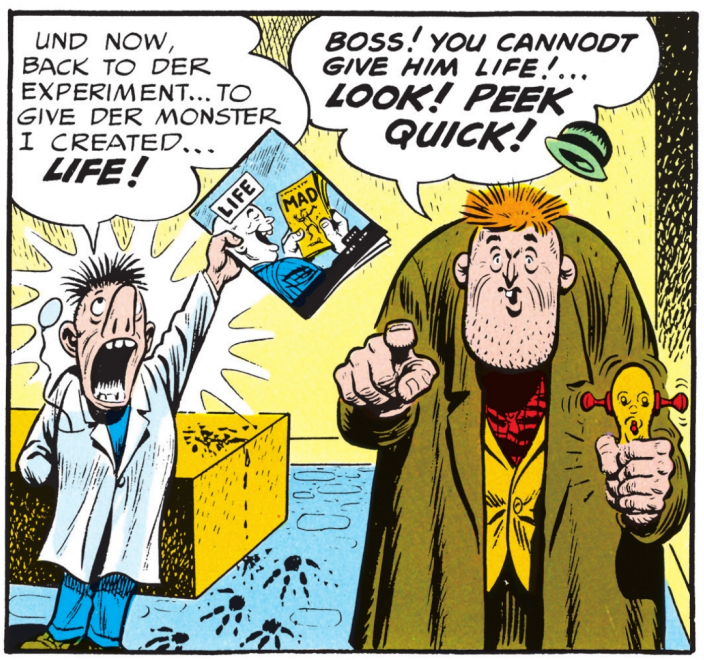
STAND BACK, BUMBLE, UND DO NOT MAKE NO NOISE! I MUST CONCENTRATE!
UND NOW WE START DER MACHINE... ZO... UND NOW I PULL DIS LEVER... ZO...
ZZZZ
BZZZZZ HUMMM

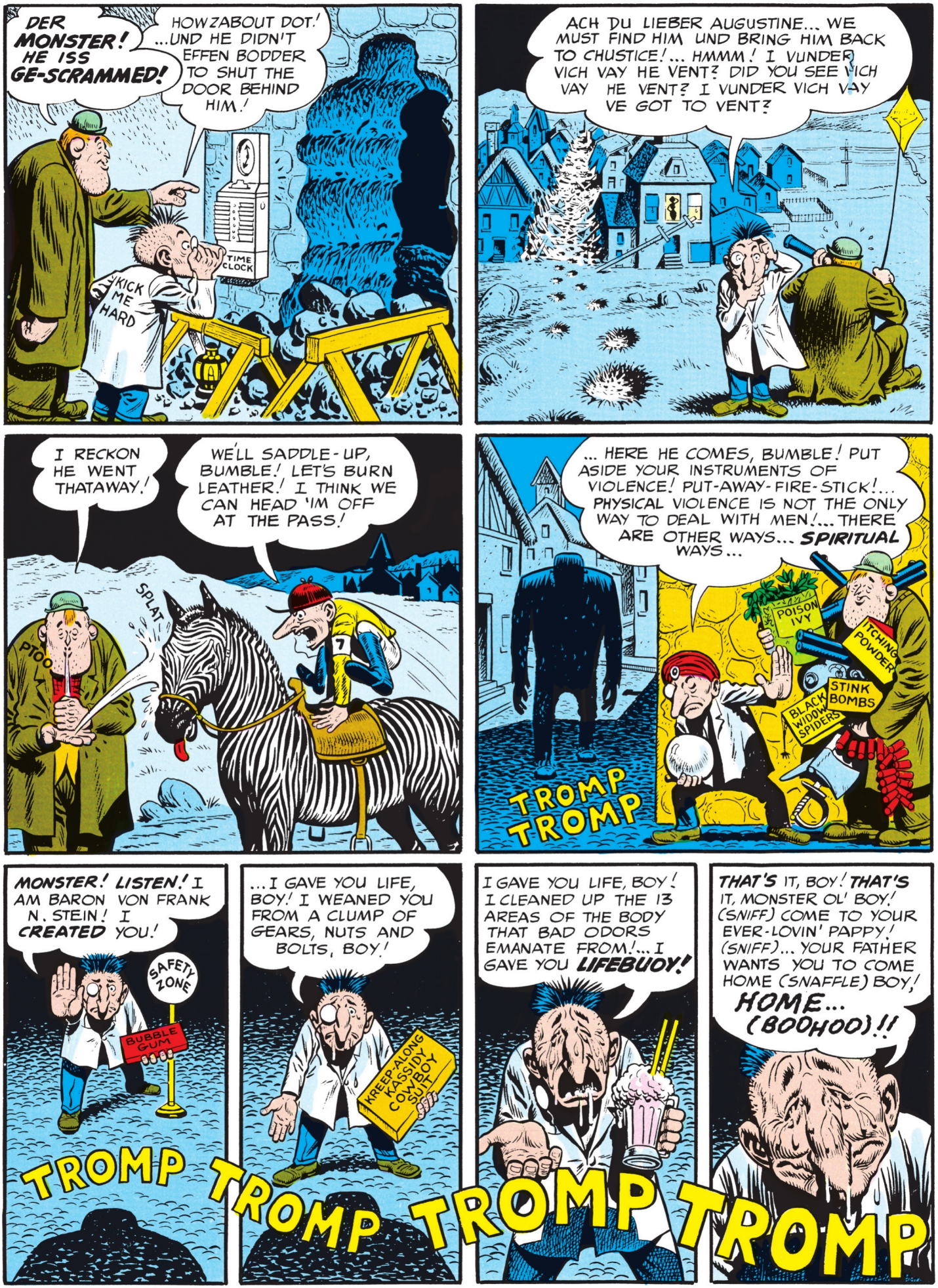

AHA! UMHUM! AHA! HOHO! HOOHAH! ...ZO!
...1,000 ...2,000 ... 3,000 DER LIGHTS ISS BLINKING... DER BELL IS RINGING! NOW...
QUEEK QUEEK
PLIK PLOK PLIK PLUK
BZZ

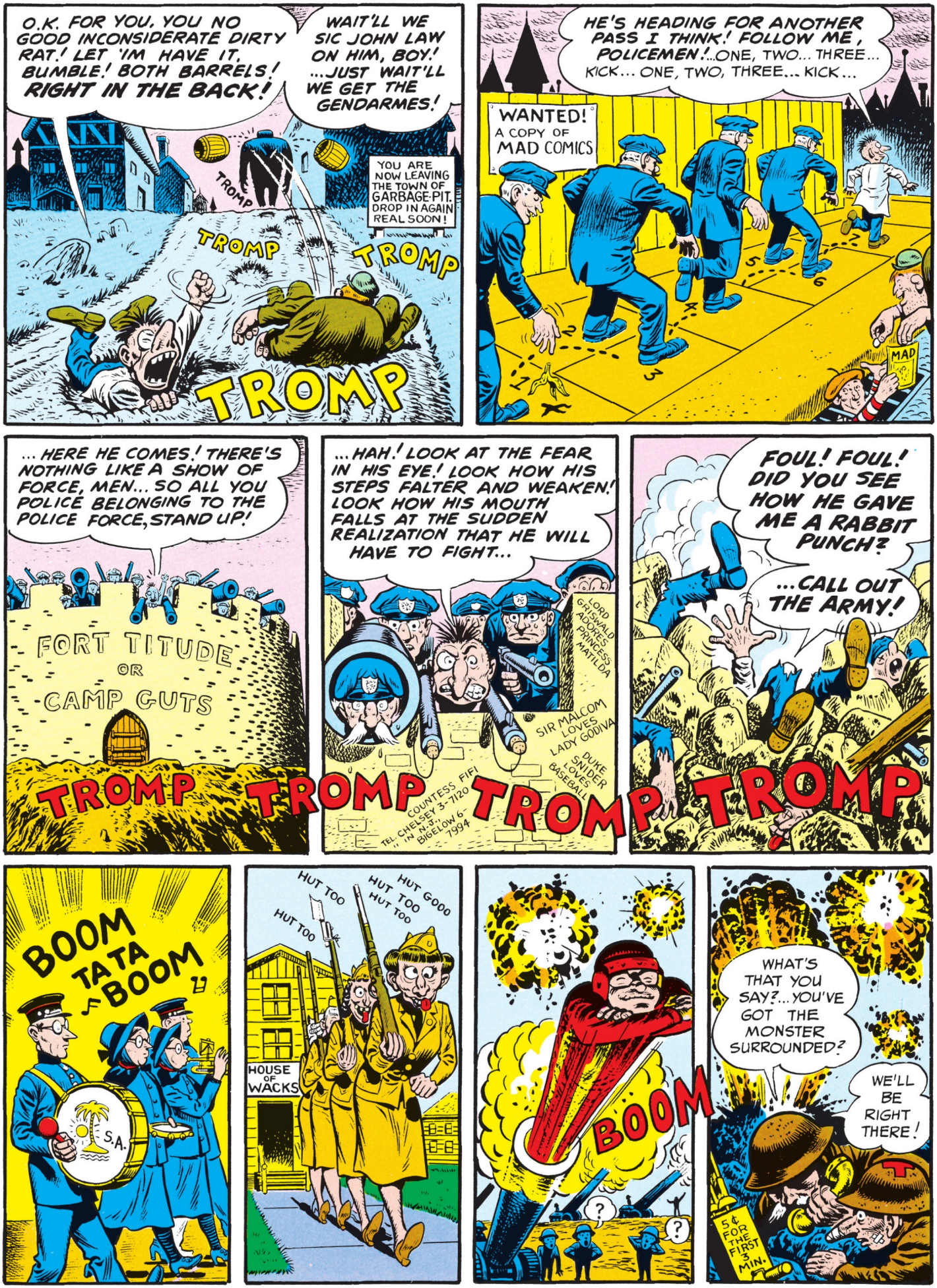
NOW... I PULL DIS LEVER... ZO...
ACH! SOMETHING ISS GOING WRONG! QUICK, BUMBLE! PUSH DER MACHINE HERE
ZZZ
ZZZ
KERWONK-WONK

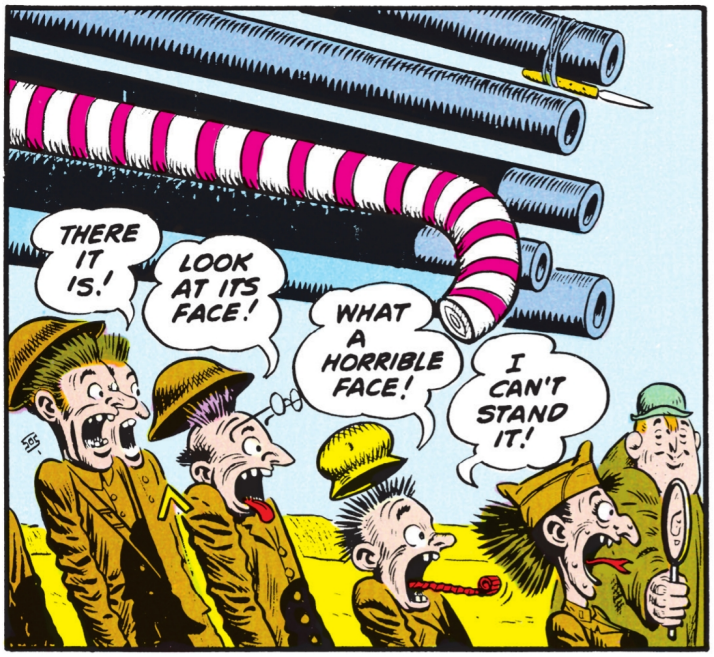
... YOU ARE PUSHING DER MACHINE TOO MUCH...
GEDT BACK, BUMBLE! ...NO... NOOOO...
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
BLAAP!

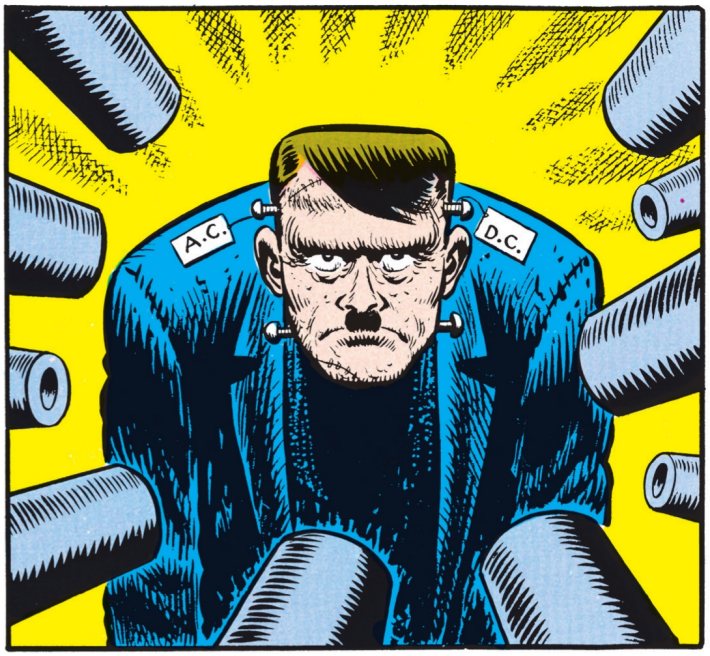

... BUMBLE!... YOU I DON'T LIKE! FOR DER FIRST TIME I ALMOST WON DER FERSHLUGGINER PIN-BALL GAME UND YOU WENDT UND TILTED IT!
JA, BOSS!
SMEKITTY SMEKITTY SMEKITTY SMEK!
TILT

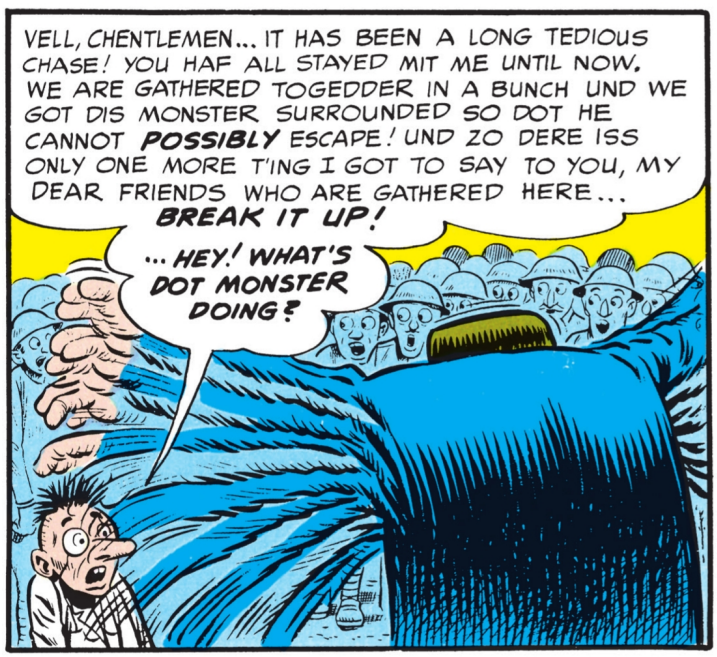

UND NOW, BACK TO DER EXPERIMENT... TO GIVE DER MONSTER I CREATED... LIFE!
BOSS! YOU CANNODT GIVE HIM LIFE!... LOOK! PEEK QUICK!
LIFE
MAD

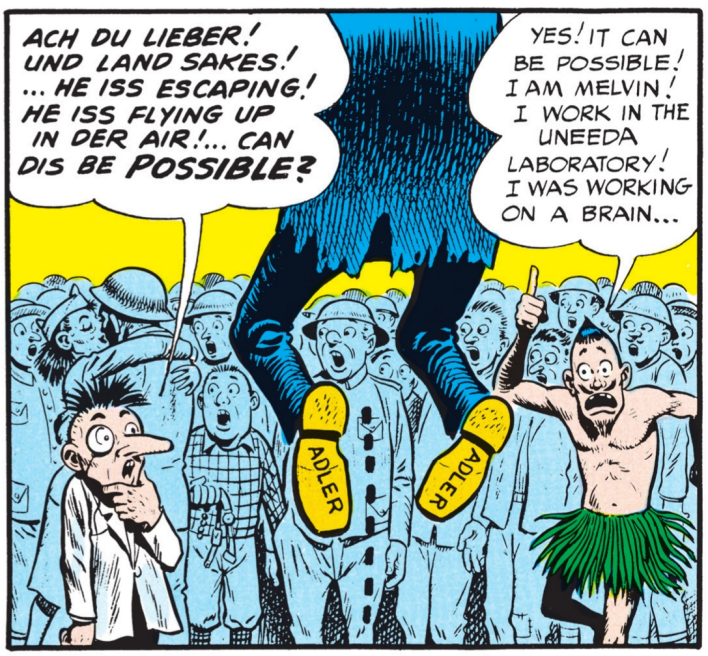

DER MONSTER! HE ISS GE-SCRAMMED!
HOWZABOUT DOT! ...UND HE DIDN'T EFFEN BODDER TO SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND HIM!
TIME CLOCK
KICK ME HARD
ACH DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE... WE MUST FIND HIM UND BRING HIM BACK TO CHUSTICE!... HMMM! I VUNDER VICH VAY HE VENT? DID YOU SEE VICH VAY HE VENT? I VUNDER VICH VAY VE GOT TO VENT?
I RECKON HE WENT THATAWAY!
WE'LL SADDLE-UP, BUMBLE! LET'S BURN LEATHER! I THINK WE CAN HEAD 'IM OFF AT THE PASS!
PTOO
SPLAT
... HERE HE COMES, BUMBLE! PUT ASIDE YOUR INSTRUMENTS OF VIOLENCE! PUT-AWAY-FIRE-STICK!... PHYSICAL VIOLENCE IS NOT THE ONLY WAY TO DEAL WITH MEN!... THERE ARE OTHER WAYS... SPIRITUAL WAYS...
POISON IVY
ITCHING POWDER
STINK BOMBS
BLACK WIDOW SPIDERS
TROMP TROMP
MONSTER! LISTEN! I AM BARON VON FRANK N. STEIN! I CREATED YOU!
SAFETY ZONE
BUBBLE GUM
...I GAVE YOU LIFE, BOY! I WEANED YOU FROM A CLUMP OF GEARS, NUTS AND BOLTS, BOY!
KREEP-ALONG KASSIDY COWBOY SUIT
I GAVE YOU LIFE, BOY! I CLEANED UP THE 13 AREAS OF THE BODY THAT BAD ODORS EMANATE FROM!... I GAVE YOU LIFEBUOY!
THAT'S IT, BOY! THAT'S IT, MONSTER OL' BOY! (SNIFF) COME TO YOUR EVER-LOVIN' PAPPY! (SNIFF)... YOUR FATHER WANTS YOU TO COME HOME (SNAFFLE) BOY!
HOME... (BOOHOO)!!
TROMP TROMP TROMP TROMP TROMP

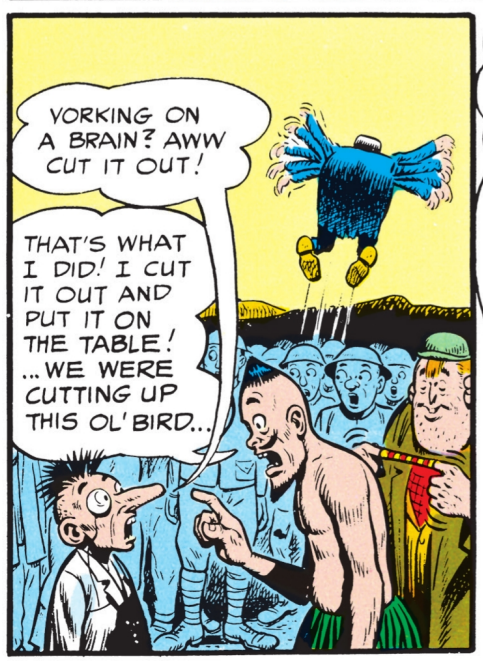

O.K. FOR YOU, YOU NO GOOD INCONSIDERATE DIRTY RAT! LET 'IM HAVE IT, BUMBLE! BOTH BARRELS! RIGHT IN THE BACK!
WAIT'LL WE SIC JOHN LAW ON HIM, BOY! ...JUST WAIT'LL WE GET THE GENDARMES!
YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE TOWN OF GARBAGE-PIT. DROP IN AGAIN REAL SOON!
TROMP
TROMP
TROMP
TROMP
HE'S HEADING FOR ANOTHER PASS I THINK! FOLLOW ME, POLICEMEN!...ONE, TWO... THREE... KICK... ONE, TWO, THREE... KICK...
WANTED! A COPY OF MAD COMICS
MAD
... HERE HE COMES! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A SHOW OF FORCE, MEN... SO ALL YOU POLICE BELONGING TO THE POLICE FORCE, STAND UP!
FORT TITUDE OR CAMP GUTS
TROMP
... HAH! LOOK AT THE FEAR IN HIS EYE! LOOK HOW HIS STEPS FALTER AND WEAKEN! LOOK HOW HIS MOUTH FALLS AT THE SUDDEN REALIZATION THAT HE WILL HAVE TO FIGHT...
LORD GRISWALD ADORES PRINCESS MATILDA
SIR MALCOM LOVES LADY GODIVA
DUKE SNIDER LOVES BASEBALL
COUNTESS FIFI TEL. CHELSEY 3-7120 " IN N.J. BIGELOW 6-7994
TROMP
TROMP
FOUL! FOUL! DID YOU SEE HOW HE GAVE ME A RABBIT PUNCH?
...CALL OUT THE ARMY!
TROMP
TROMP
BOOM TA TA BOOM
S.A.
HUT TOO
HUT TOO
HUT TOO
HUT GOOO
HUT TOO
HUT TOO
HOUSE OF WACKS
BOOM
?
?
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?... YOU'VE GOT THE MONSTER SURROUNDED?
WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
5¢ FOR THE FIRST 3 MIN.

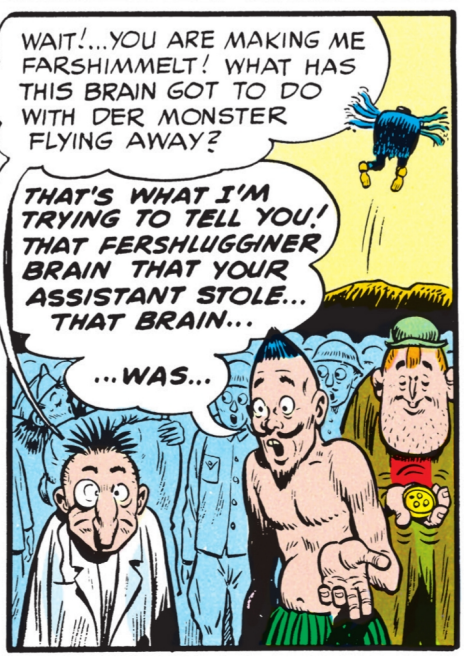


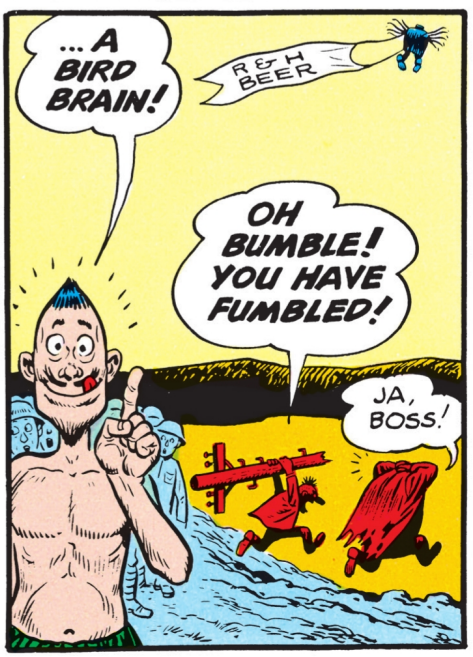



VELL, CHENTLEMEN... IT HAS BEEN A LONG TEDIOUS CHASE! YOU HAF ALL STAYED MIT ME UNTIL NOW. WE ARE GATHERED TOGEDDER IN A BUNCH UND WE GOT DIS MONSTER SURROUNDED SO DOT HE CANNOT POSSIBLY ESCAPE! UND ZO DERE ISS ONLY ONE MORE T'ING I GOT TO SAY TO YOU, MY DEAR FRIENDS WHO ARE GATHERED HERE...
BREAK IT UP!
... HEY! WHAT'S DOT MONSTER DOING?

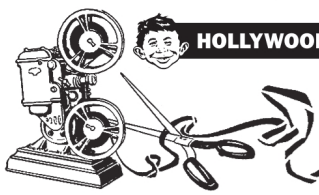

ACH DU LIEBER! UND LAND SAKES! ... HE ISS ESCAPING! HE ISS FLYING UP IN DER AIR!... CAN DIS BE POSSIBLE?
YES! IT CAN BE POSSIBLE! I AM MELVIN! I WORK IN THE UNEEDA LABORATORY! I WAS WORKING ON A BRAIN...
ADLER
ADLER




WAIT!...YOU ARE MAKING ME FARSHIMMELT! WHAT HAS THIS BRAIN GOT TO DO WITH DER MONSTER FLYING AWAY?
THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU! THAT FERSHLUGGINER BRAIN THAT YOUR ASSISTANT STOLE... THAT BRAIN...
...WAS...



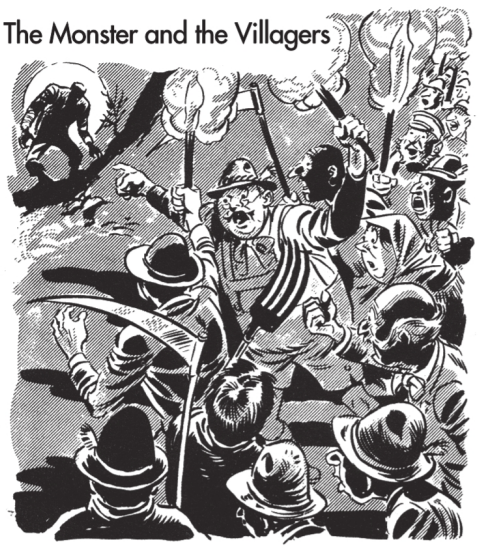
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #8, DEC 1953/JAN 1954



HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

Scenes We'd Like to See

The Monster and the Villagers



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #44, JAN 1959

WRITER **E. NELSON BRIDEWELL** ARTIST **JOE ORLANDO**

THERES NO GHOUL LIKE AN OLD GHOUL DEPT.

Everyday Annoyances of Elderly Monsters

Between terrorizing the populace, frightening little kids, and eating whoever you want, being a monster usually seems like a pretty glamorous thing. But what's often forgotten is that as they get older, monsters have to cope with the same depressing issues as aging mortal coots. So pop an Ex-lax, tighten your depends, and prepare to be scared stiff by this horrifically comprehensive list of...

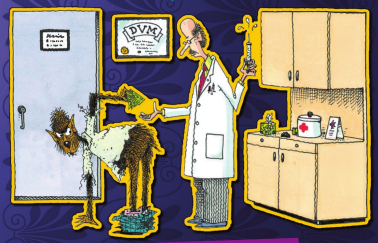
WRITER & ARTIST JOHN CALDWELL

Visible diaper lines.

Needing another hip replacement and then getting conned into doing most of the digging.

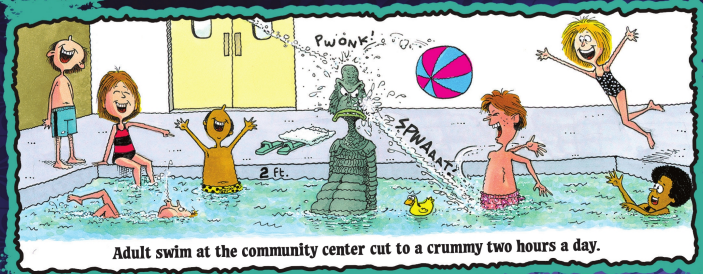
The eyesight ain't what it used to be.

Measly alimony check from Ol' Bolt-Brain barely keeps her in Bingo money.

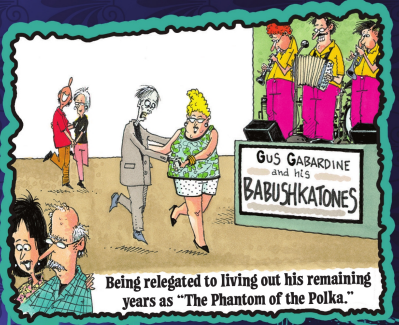


Having to deal with the fact that Medicare doesn't cover distemper boosters.

Early-bird specials that end well before sundown.



Adult swim at the community center cut to a crummy two hours a day.

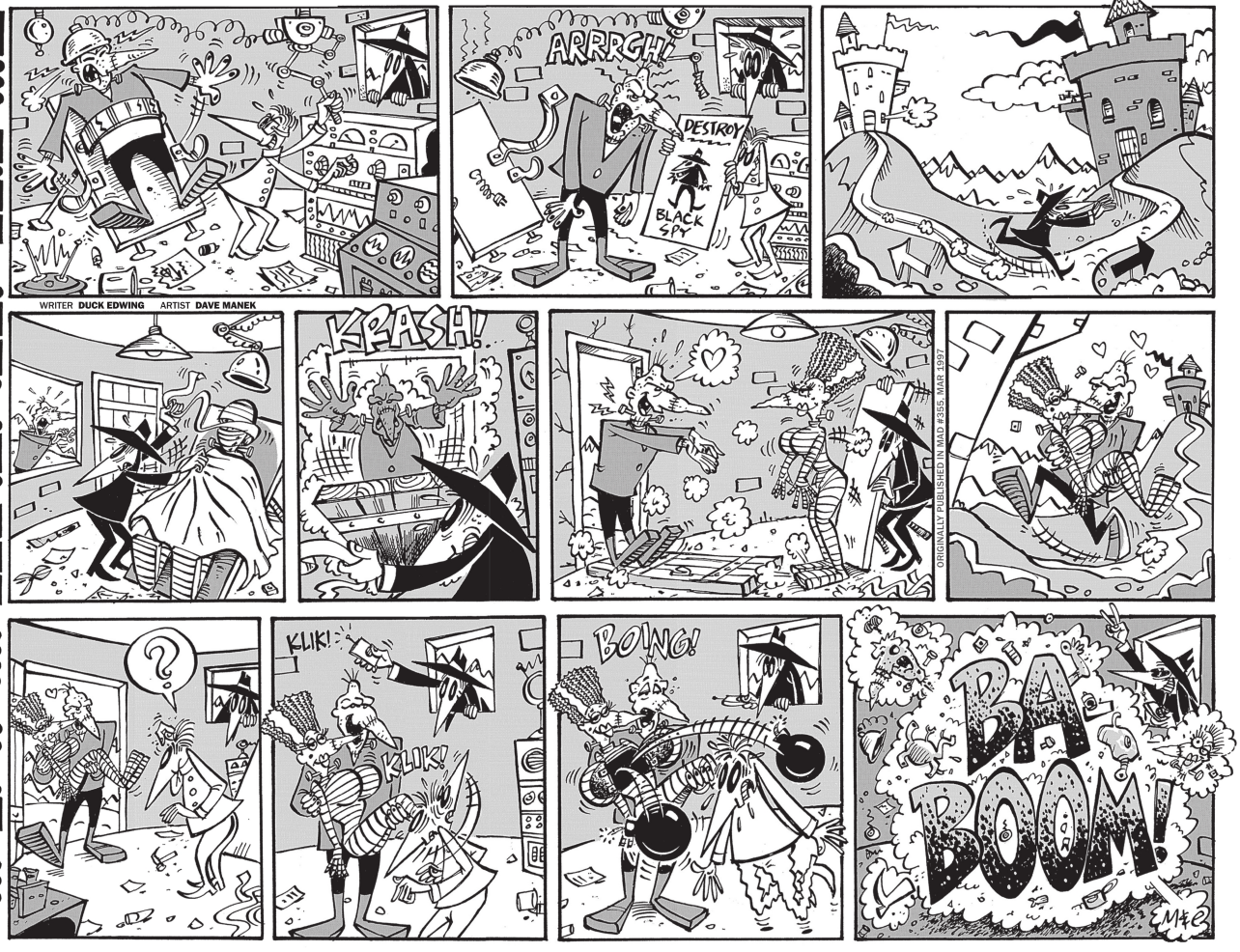


Being relegated to living out his remaining years as "The Phantom of the Polka."

Having to gum commuter trains.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #515, JUN 2012

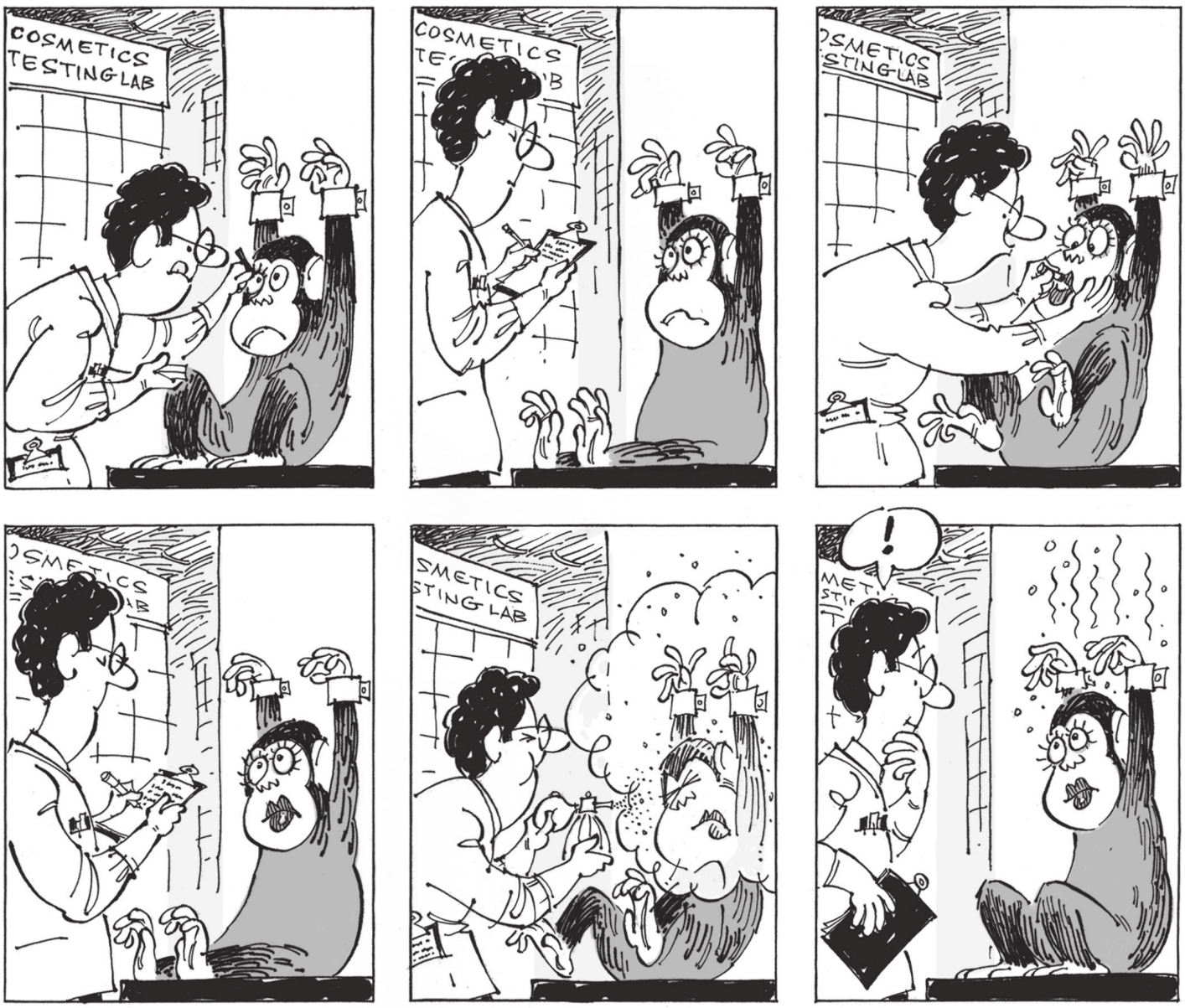
WRITER **DUCK EDWING** ARTIST **DAVE MANEK**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #355, MAR 1997

WRITER & ARTIST **TOM BUNK**

ONE FINE DAY IN THE ANIMAL TESTING LAB

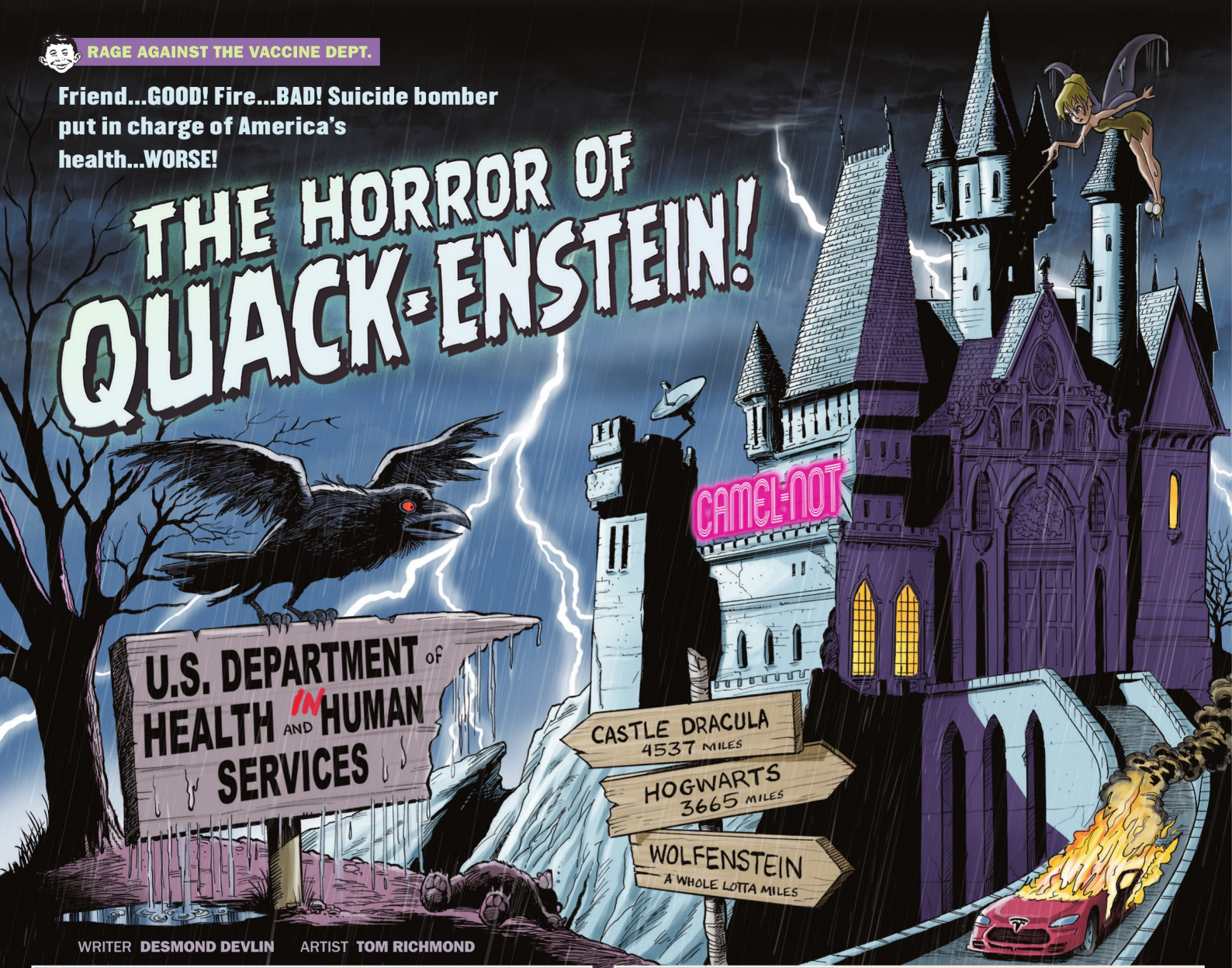


WRITER **MICHAEL GALLAGER** ARTIST **PAUL COKER**

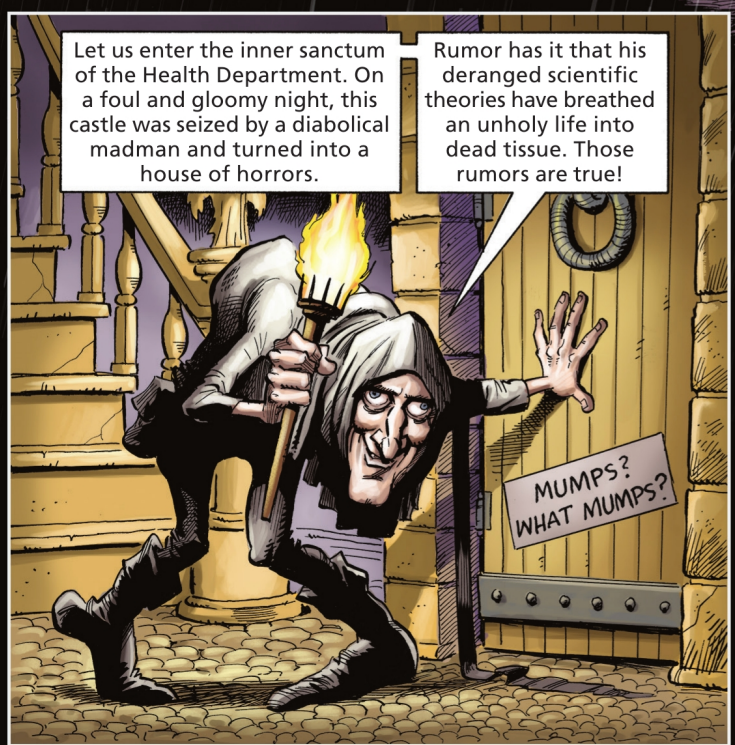
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #394, JUN 2000

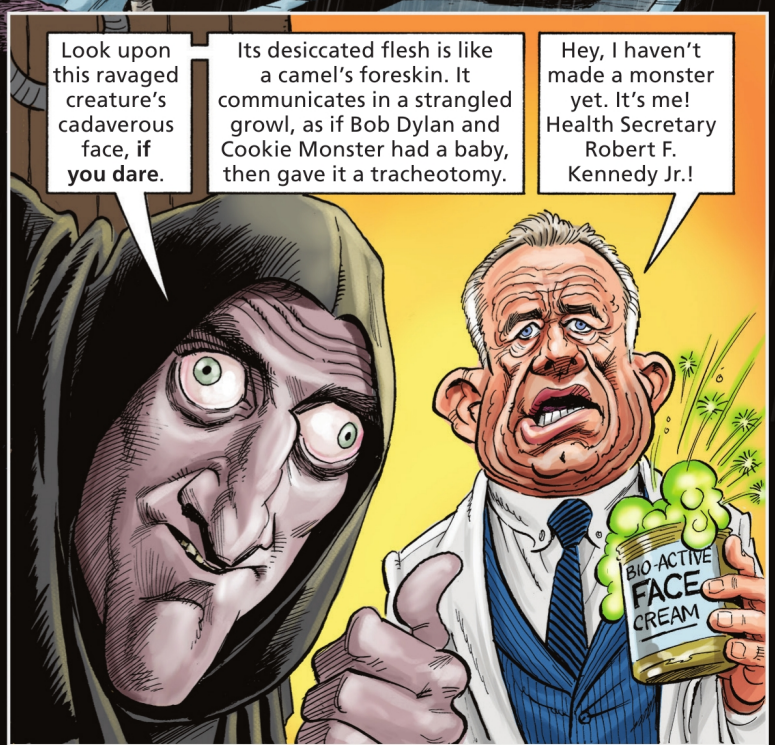
Friend...GOOD! Fire...BAD! Suicide bomber put in charge of America's health...WORSE!

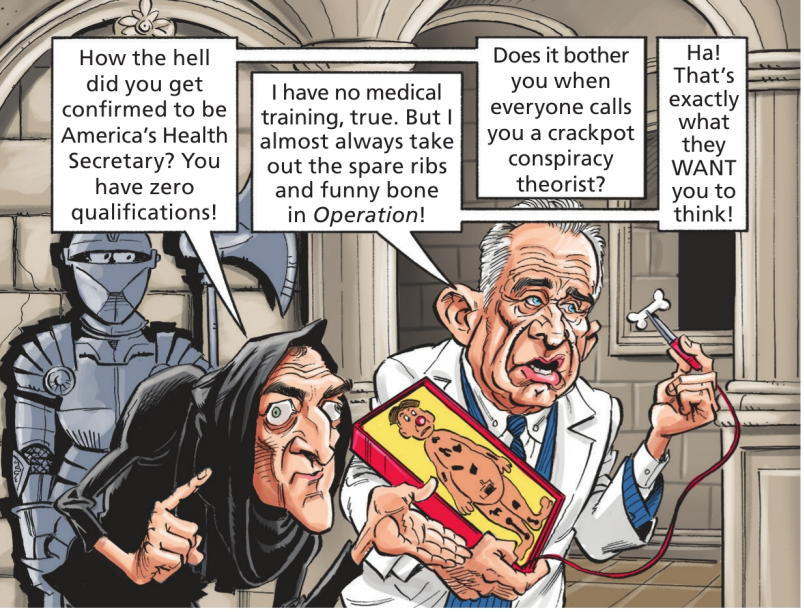
THE HORROR OF QUACK-ENSTEIN!

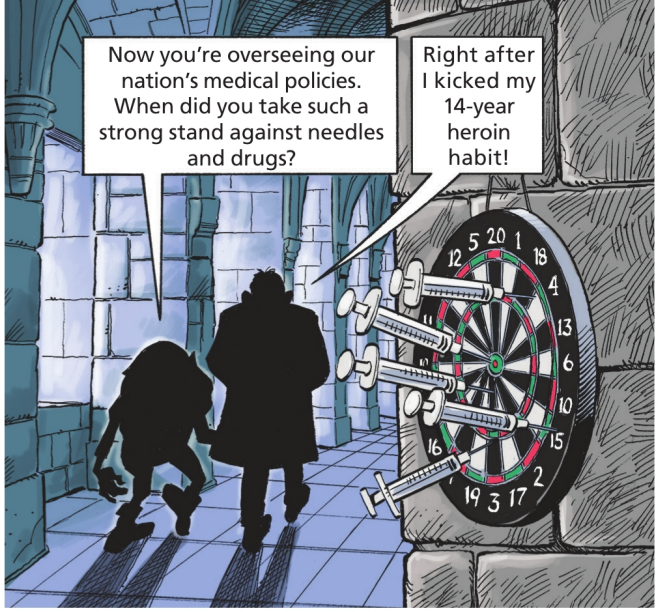

CAMEL-NOT
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES
CASTLE DRACULA 4537 MILES
HOGWARTS 3665 MILES
WOLFENSTEIN A WHOLE LOTTA MILES

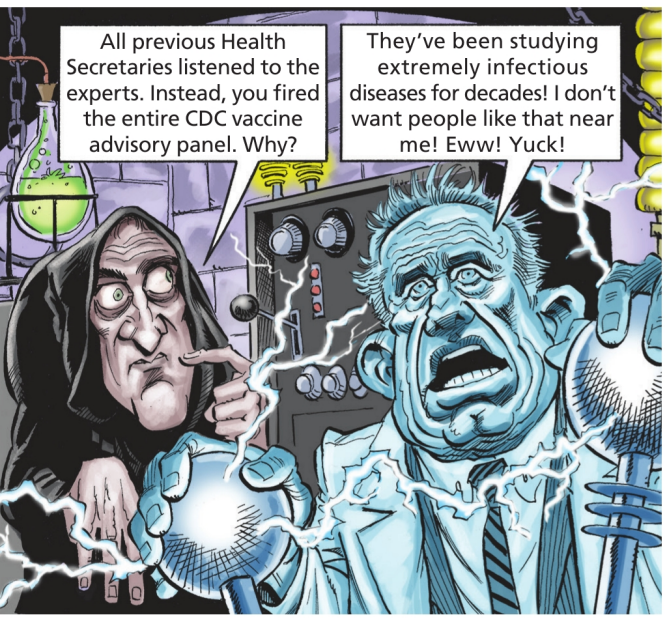
WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN** ARTIST **TOM RICHMOND**

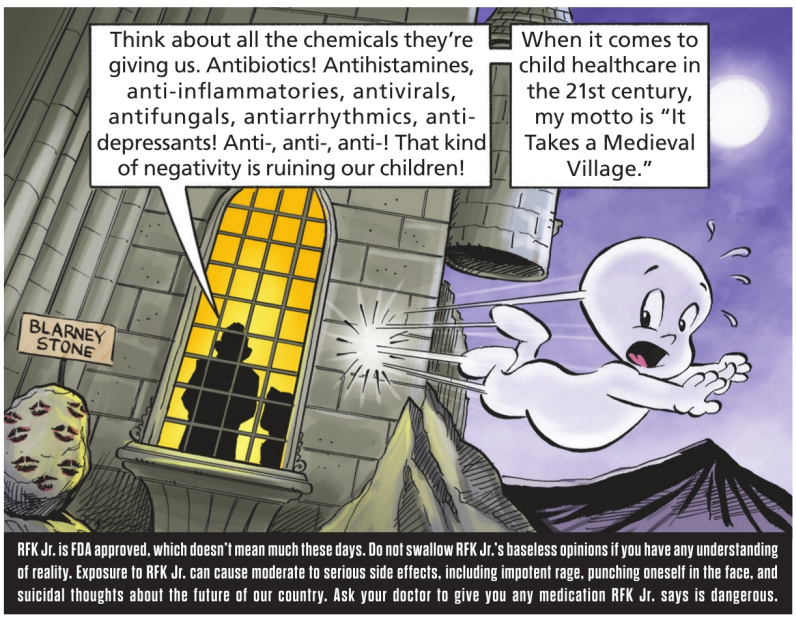

Let us enter the inner sanctum of the Health Department. On a foul and gloomy night, this castle was seized by a diabolical madman and turned into a house of horrors.
Rumor has it that his deranged scientific theories have breathed an unholy life into dead tissue. Those rumors are true!
MUMPS? WHAT MUMPS?

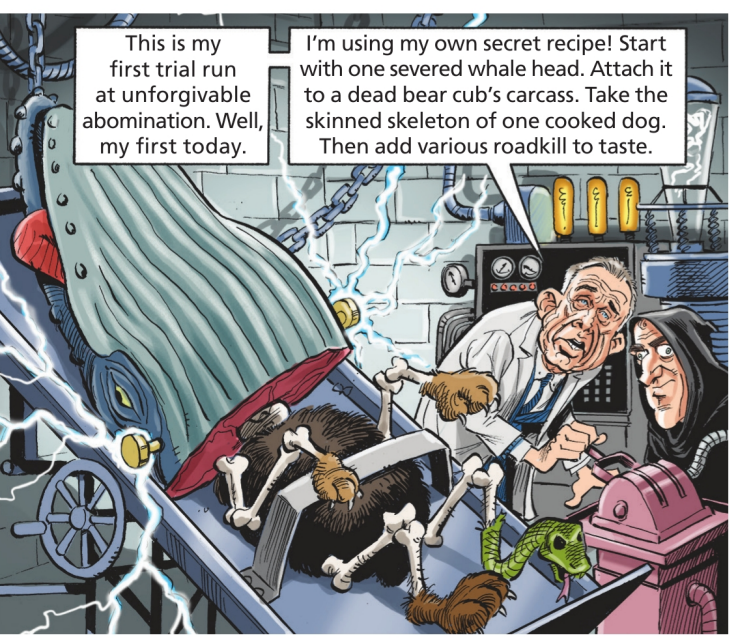

Look upon this ravaged creature's cadaverous face, **if you dare**.
Its desiccated flesh is like a camel's foreskin. It communicates in a strangled growl, as if Bob Dylan and Cookie Monster had a baby, then gave it a tracheotomy.
Hey, I haven't made a monster yet. It's me! Health Secretary Robert F. Kennedy Jr.!
BIO-ACTIVE FACE CREAM

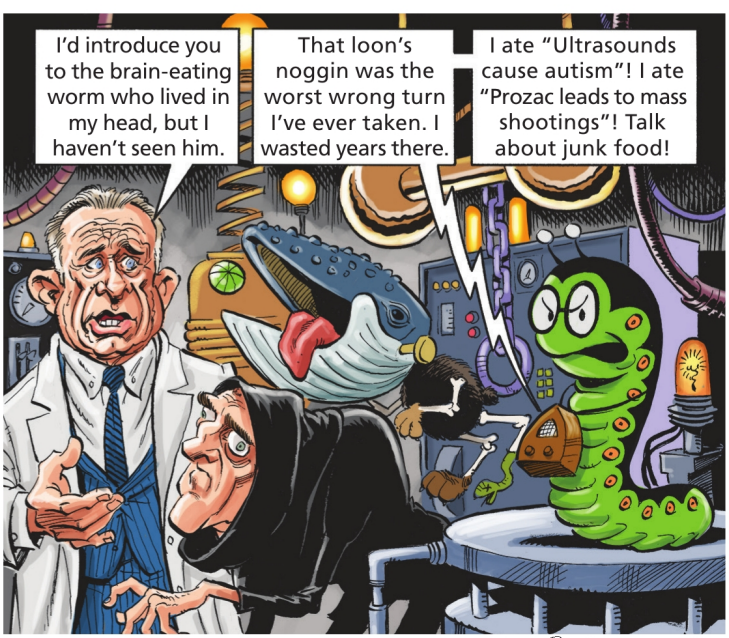

How the hell did you get confirmed to be America's Health Secretary? You have zero qualifications!
I have no medical training, true. But I almost always take out the spare ribs and funny bone in *Operation*!
Does it bother you when everyone calls you a crackpot conspiracy theorist?
Ha! That's exactly what they WANT you to think!

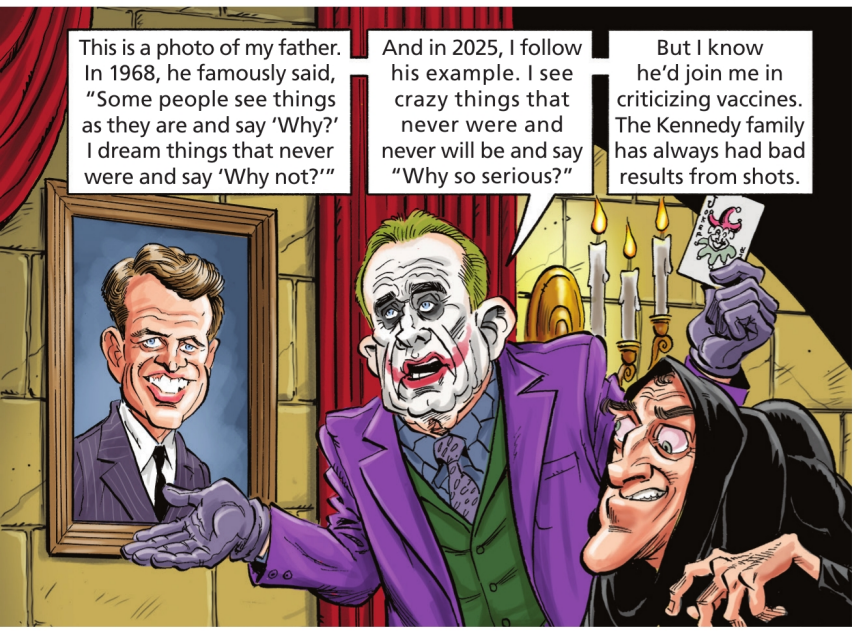

Now you're overseeing our nation's medical policies. When did you take such a strong stand against needles and drugs?
Right after I kicked my 14-year heroin habit!

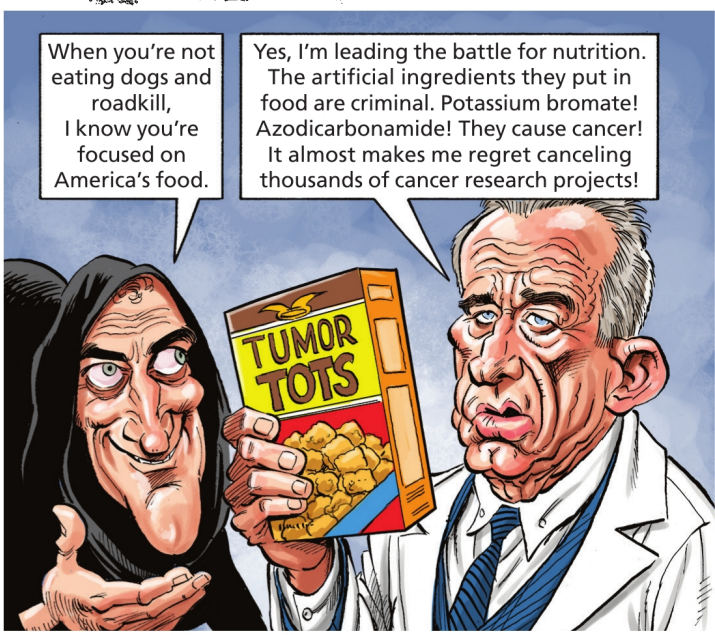

All previous Health Secretaries listened to the experts. Instead, you fired the entire CDC vaccine advisory panel. Why?
They've been studying extremely infectious diseases for decades! I don't want people like that near me! Eww! Yuck!


Think about all the chemicals they're giving us. Antibiotics! Antihistamines, anti-inflammatories, antivirals, antifungals, antiarrhythmics, anti-depressants! Anti-, anti-, anti-! That kind of negativity is ruining our children!
When it comes to child healthcare in the 21st century, my motto is "It Takes a Medieval Village."
BLARNEY STONE
RFK Jr. is FDA approved, which doesn't mean much these days. Do not swallow RFK Jr.'s baseless opinions if you have any understanding of reality. Exposure to RFK Jr. can cause moderate to serious side effects, including impotent rage, punching oneself in the face, and suicidal thoughts about the future of our country. Ask your doctor to give you any medication RFK Jr. says is dangerous.


This is my first trial run at unforgivable abomination. Well, my first today.
I'm using my own secret recipe! Start with one severed whale head. Attach it to a dead bear cub's carcass. Take the skinned skeleton of one cooked dog. Then add various roadkill to taste.

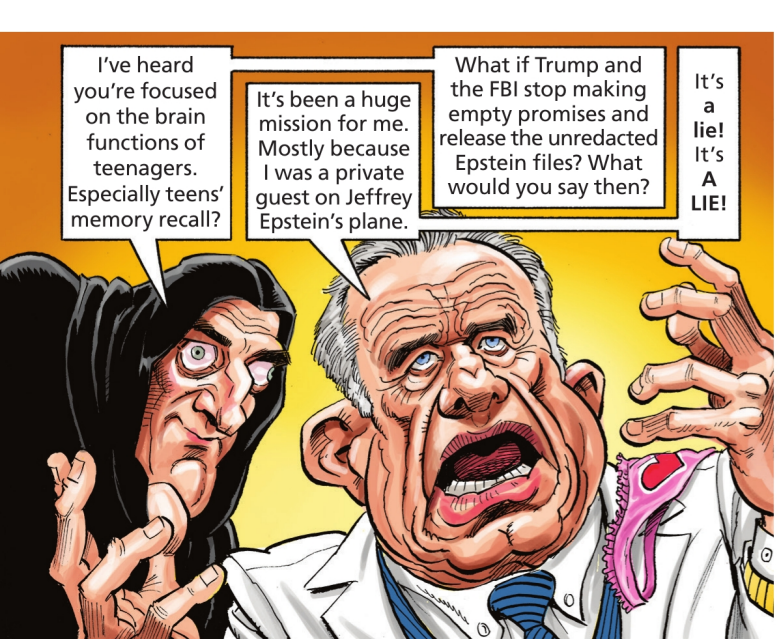

I'd introduce you to the brain-eating worm who lived in my head, but I haven't seen him.
That loon's noggin was the worst wrong turn I've ever taken. I wasted years there.
I ate "Ultrasounds cause autism"! I ate "Prozac leads to mass shootings"! Talk about junk food!

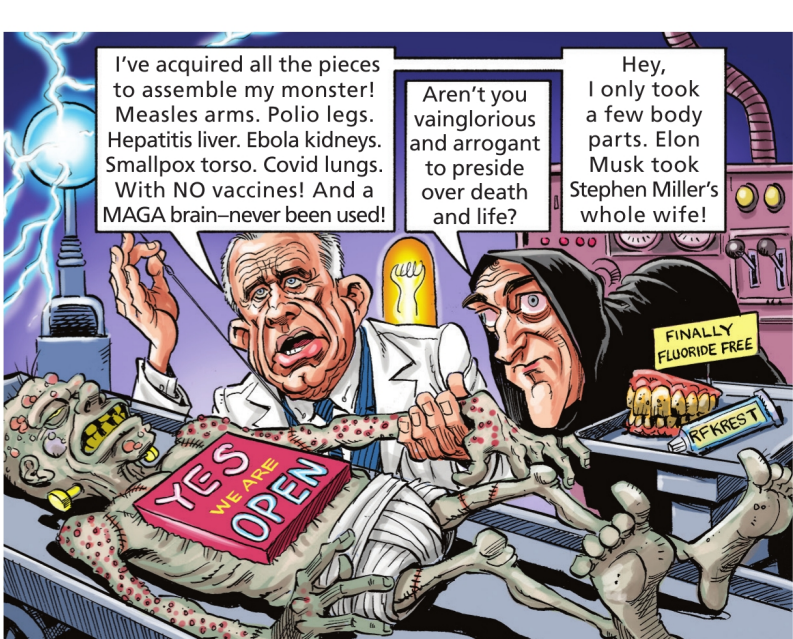

This is a photo of my father. In 1968, he famously said, "Some people see things as they are and say 'Why?' I dream things that never were and say 'Why not?'"
And in 2025, I follow his example. I see crazy things that never were and never will be and say "Why so serious?"
But I know he'd join me in criticizing vaccines. The Kennedy family has always had bad results from shots.


When you're not eating dogs and roadkill, I know you're focused on America's food.
Yes, I'm leading the battle for nutrition. The artificial ingredients they put in food are criminal. Potassium bromate! Azodicarbonamide! They cause cancer! It almost makes me regret canceling thousands of cancer research projects!
TUMOR TOTS

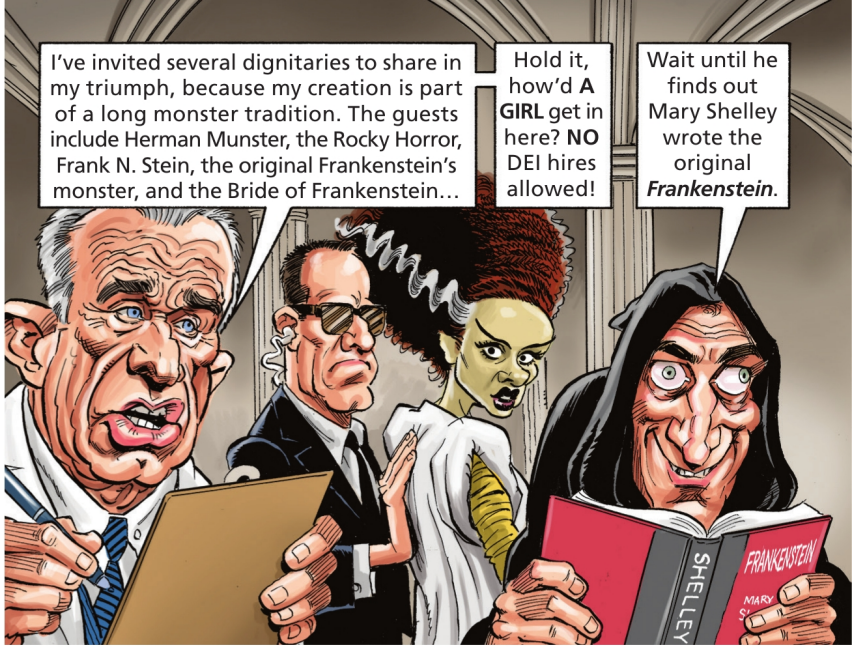
This is the day I take bold action against processed foods. I've asked ICE to deport Tony the Tiger and the Grimace!
Huh? Is it even possible to deport imaginary characters?
It's legal. Because they're not white!
THIS SSSSSUCKS!
ICE

And don't believe the media attacks on our Excellent Science Report on Science Excellence. Our list of unchecked citations is a Who's Who of gifted thinkers in medicine. May Dupp, Hal Oosination, Noah Suchperson, and Ann T. Science.
Supposedly the many garbled mistakes in your report were written by ChatGPT. What do you have to say about that?
Doctor at lands up fully. Sometimes not sometimes. Not only but also!
TOTALLY REAL REPORT


I've heard you're focused on the brain functions of teenagers. Especially teens' memory recall?
It's been a huge mission for me. Mostly because I was a private guest on Jeffrey Epstein's plane.
What if Trump and the FBI stop making empty promises and release the unredacted Epstein files? What would you say then?
It's a lie! It's A LIE!

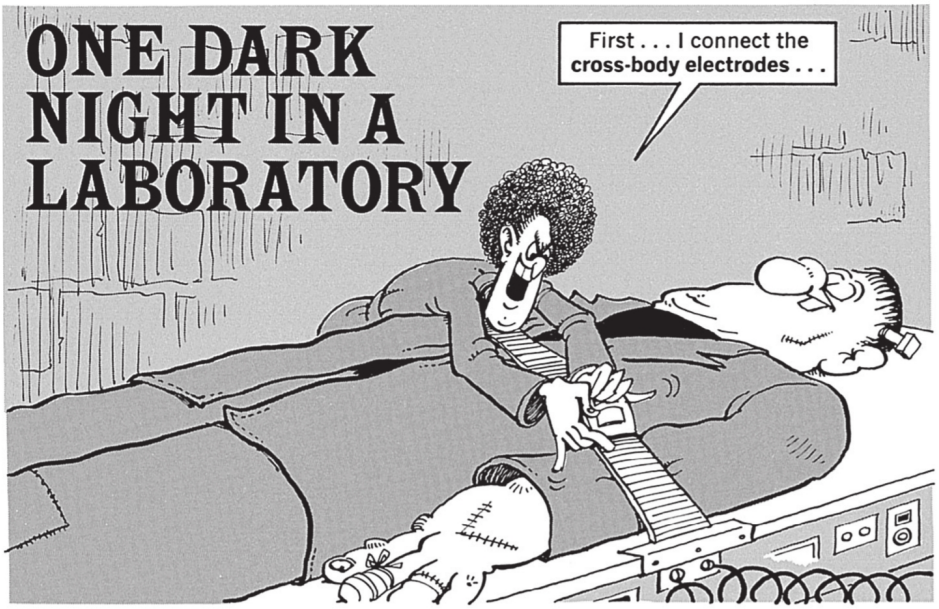

I've acquired all the pieces to assemble my monster! Measles arms. Polio legs. Hepatitis liver. Ebola kidneys. Smallpox torso. Covid lungs. With NO vaccines! And a MAGA brain–never been used!
Aren't you vainglorious and arrogant to preside over death and life?
Hey, I only took a few body parts. Elon Musk took Stephen Miller's whole wife!
YES WE ARE OPEN
FINALLY FLUORIDE FREE
RFKREST

So, what do you think of him?
Honestly? He's a disease-ridden mass of rotting flesh. He's living proof that the single greatest threat to America's health is the unstable incompetent who has the duty of protecting it.
Well, I didn't make him… for YOU!


I've invited several dignitaries to share in my triumph, because my creation is part of a long monster tradition. The guests include Herman Munster, the Rocky Horror, Frank N. Stein, the original Frankenstein's monster, and the Bride of Frankenstein…
Hold it, how'd A GIRL get in here? NO DEI hires allowed!
Wait until he finds out Mary Shelley wrote the original Frankenstein.
FRANKENSTEIN
SHELLEY

I believe in compromise. That's why I compromise the public health of our nation! But I'd hate for my lunacy to leave everyone unhappy, so I've written a song* for the occasion! Let's dance to the grave!
♪ I'm suppressing science facts day and night.
There'll be needless deaths, but that's all right.
All the research was compiled for years and years.
Now thanks to me, it disappears! ♫
Beware the vaxx!
Don't trust a single vaxx.
A monstrous vaxx! You're stabbed by maniacs!
The data smacks of Big Pharma kickbacks.
They're all just hacks! I'll stop them with cutbacks.
Every vaccination, in my point of view,
Is a different poison that's designed to kill you.
Life-saving drugs, they are simply the worst,
Don't worry, though, since I'll kill you first!
Destroy the vaxx!
Get rid of every vaxx!
These "expert" quacks with their vicious attacks…
We can't relax! That might cause heart attacks!
A smart man backs the hypochondriacs.
*Sung to the tune of "The Monster Mash"
This is highly abby normal!

ONE DARK NIGHT IN A LABORATORY



WRITER & ARTIST **DON MARTIN**

And now, I pull the switch . . . sending four hundred thousand volts into the body . . . more electricity than anyone ever conceived of, or produced before!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #165, MAR 1974

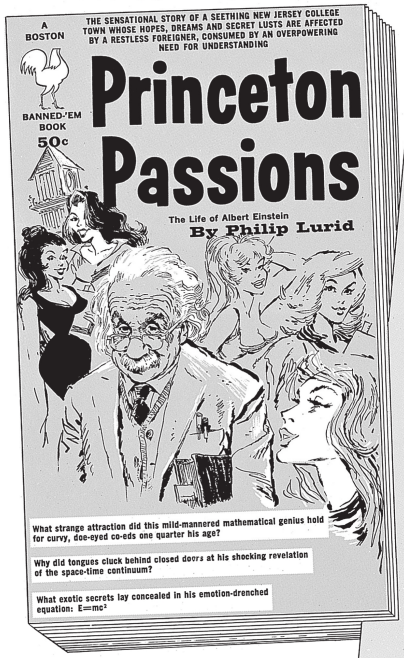
Now that science is playing a more important role in our lives each day, we feel it's only a matter of time before "The Man of Science"will take over the legendary hero's role held by Westerners like Wyatt Earp, Detectives like Eliot Ness, and Sportsmen like Errol Flynn. As a matter of fact, we wouldn't be surprised if very soon **all** our popular forms of entertainment began presenting yarns based on the lives of men, say, like Albert Einstein. But if they do, there's bound to be one catch: the big brains in books, movies, TV and Broadway won't want to change their time-honored "commercial success" formulas, and old formats will remain the same as they feature. . .

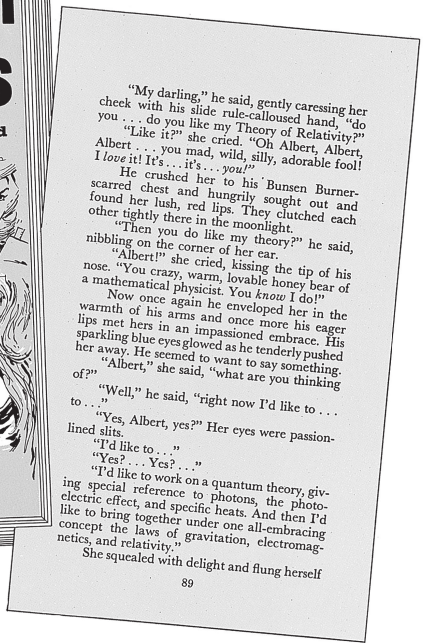
THE MAN OF SCIENCE

AMERICA'S NEXT MASS MEDIA HERO

THE STORY OF ALBERT EINSTEIN IN A PAPERBACK BOOK

The paperback book publisher knows that his strongest selling point is sex, so the cover and a sample page from a pocket-size book on the life of Albert Einstein may look like this . . .


A BOSTON
BANNED-'EM BOOK
50c
THE SENSATIONAL STORY OF A SEETHING NEW JERSEY COLLEGE TOWN WHOSE HOPES, DREAMS AND SECRET LUSTS ARE AFFECTED BY A RESTLESS FOREIGNER, CONSUMED BY AN OVERPOWERING NEED FOR UNDERSTANDING
Princeton Passions
The Life of Albert Einstein
By Philip Lurid
What strange attraction did this mild-mannered mathematical genius hold for curvy, doe-eyed co-eds one quarter his age?
Why did tongues cluck behind closed doors at his shocking revelation of the space-time continuum?
What exotic secrets lay concealed in his emotion-drenched equation: E=mc²



"My darling," he said, gently caressing her cheek with his slide rule-calloused hand, "do you . . . do you like my Theory of Relativity?"

"Like it?" she cried. "Oh Albert, Albert, Albert . . . you mad, wild, silly, adorable fool! I *love* it! It's . . . it's . . . *you!*"

He crushed her to his Bunsen Burner-scarred chest and hungrily sought out and found her lush, red lips. They clutched each other tightly there in the moonlight.

"Then you do like my theory?" he said, nibbling on the corner of her ear.

"Albert!" she cried, kissing the tip of his nose. "You crazy, warm, lovable honey bear of a mathematical physicist. You *know* I do!"

Now once again he enveloped her in the warmth of his arms and once more his eager lips met hers in an impassioned embrace. His sparkling blue eyes glowed as he tenderly pushed her away. He seemed to want to say something.

"Albert," she said, "what are you thinking of?"

"Well," he said, "right now I'd like to . . . to . . ."

"Yes, Albert, yes?" Her eyes were passion-lined slits.

"I'd like to . . ."

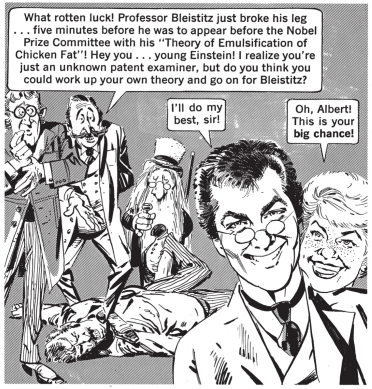
"Yes? . . . Yes? . . ."

"I'd like to work on a quantum theory, giving special reference to photons, the photoelectric effect, and specific heats. And then I'd like to bring together under one all-embracing concept the laws of gravitation, electromagnetics, and relativity."

She squealed with delight and flung herself

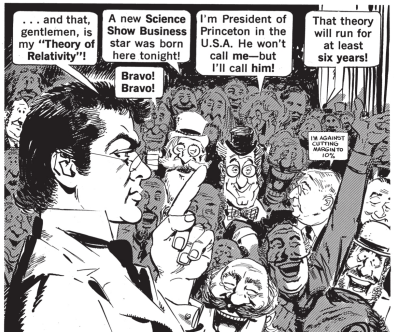
THE STORY OF ALBERT EINSTEIN AS A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE

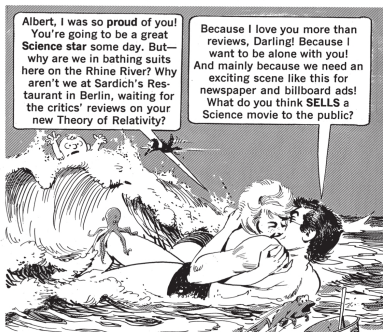
The Hollywood producer knows that show business-type stories with suspense are always hits, so here are scenes from the forthcoming movie "There's No Business Like Math Business" . . .


What rotten luck! Professor Bleistitz just broke his leg . . . five minutes before he was to appear before the Nobel Prize Committee with his "Theory of Emulsification of Chicken Fat"! Hey you . . . young Einstein! I realize you're just an unknown patent examiner, but do you think you could work up your own theory and go on for Bleistitz?
I'll do my best, sir!
Oh, Albert! This is your big chance!

Boo! Get that unknown patent examiner off the platform!
We want the star! We want Bleistitz!
Gentlemen, gentlemen, please bear with me. I hold that only relative motion of objects may ever be observed, and that a fourth dimension . . . time . . . must be included in all physical measurements of . . .

WRITER **LARRY SIEGEL** ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**

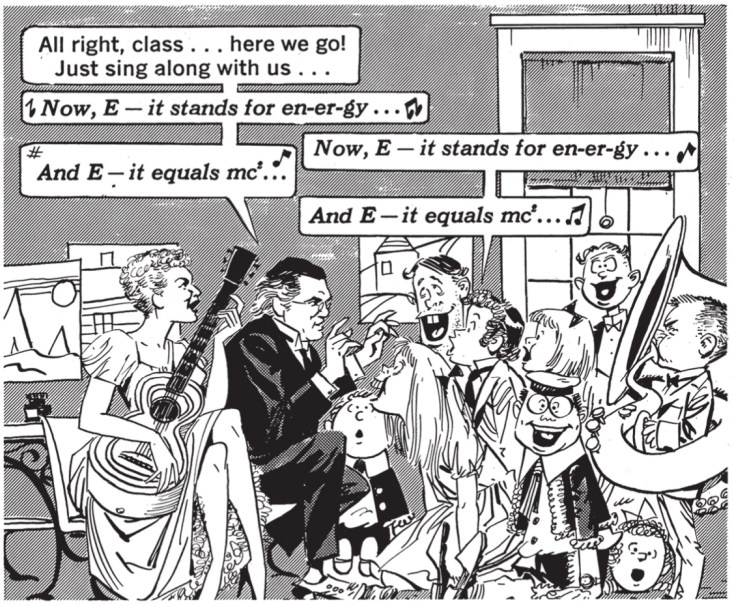

. . . and that, gentlemen, is my "Theory of Relativity"!
A new Science Show Business star was born here tonight!
Bravo! Bravo!
I'm President of Princeton in the U.S.A. He won't call me—but I'll call him!
That theory will run for at least six years!
I'M AGAINST GETTING MARRIED TO!?

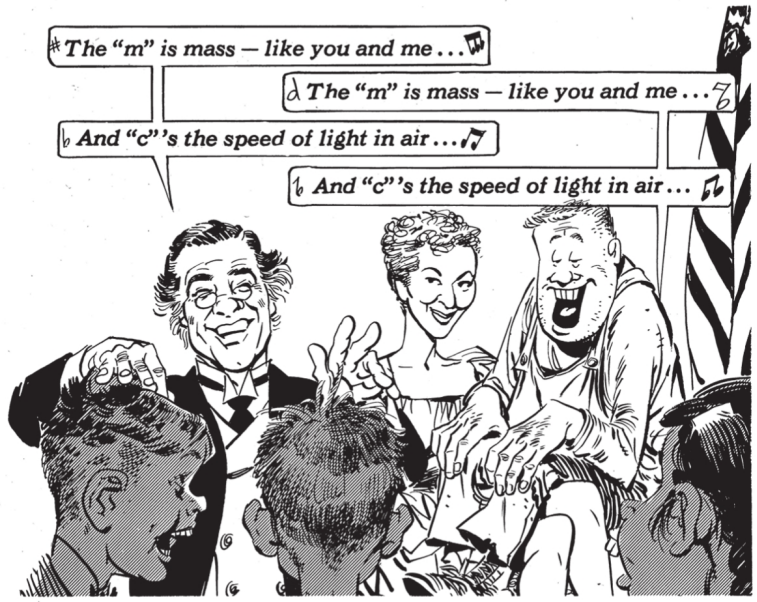

Albert, I was so proud of you! You're going to be a great Science star some day. But—why are we in bathing suits here on the Rhine River? Why aren't we at Sardich's Restaurant in Berlin, waiting for the critics' reviews on your new Theory of Relativity?
Because I love you more than reviews, Darling! Because I want to be alone with you! And mainly because we need an exciting scene like this for newspaper and billboard ads! What do you think SELLS a Science movie to the public?

THE STORY OF ALBERT EINSTEIN AS A BROADWAY MUSICAL

The Broadway producer will turn to the biggest money-maker of all: the musical. So here's a scene from the upcoming Broadway show on the life of Einstein, "The Sound of Fission". . .

Students, to help teach you my very difficult and complex "Theory of Relativity," I've asked my wife to join us with her guitar. Class, this is my wife, Mrs. Einstein . . .
Thank you, Albert. Now if you will all gather around, we'll play a little singing game . . .


All right, class . . . here we go! Just sing along with us . . .
Now, E — it stands for en-er-gy . . .
And E — it equals mc² . . .
Now, E — it stands for en-er-gy . . .
And E — it equals mc² . . .



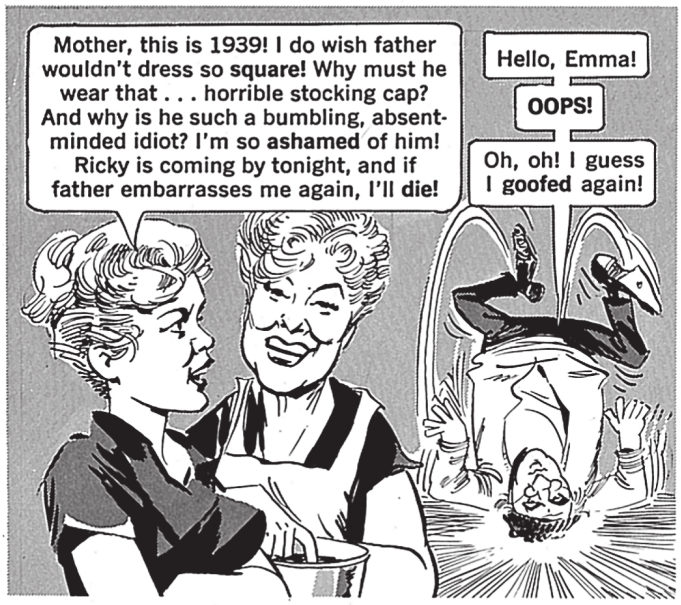
Now, "c" — it multiplies itself . . .
Now, "c" — it multiplies itself . . .
And so, our little song is done . . .
And so, our little song is done . . .
MY BEER IS RHEINGOLD... THE DRY BEER...

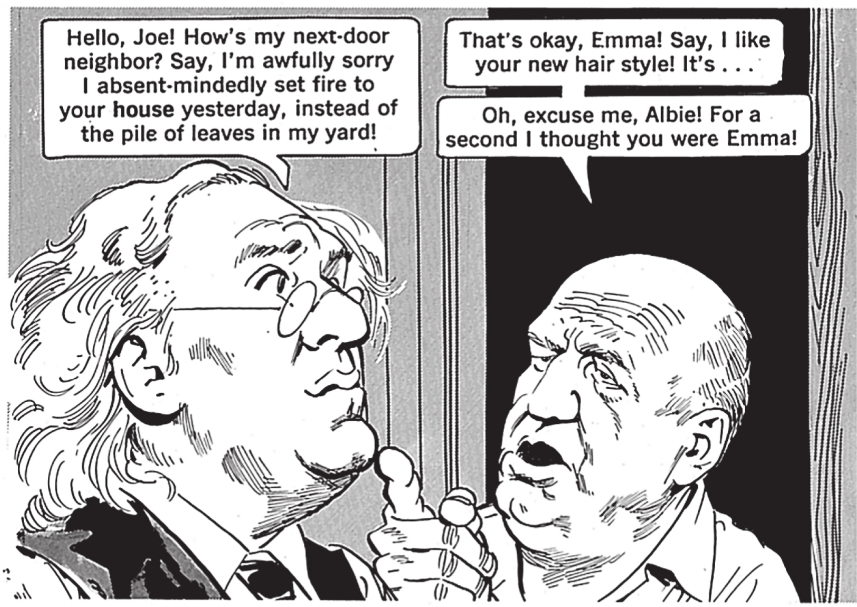
That's Rel-a-tiv-i-teeee . . .
All right, class! Let's sing it once again . . .
That's Rel-a-tiv-i-teeee . . .
All right, class! Let's sing it once again . . .

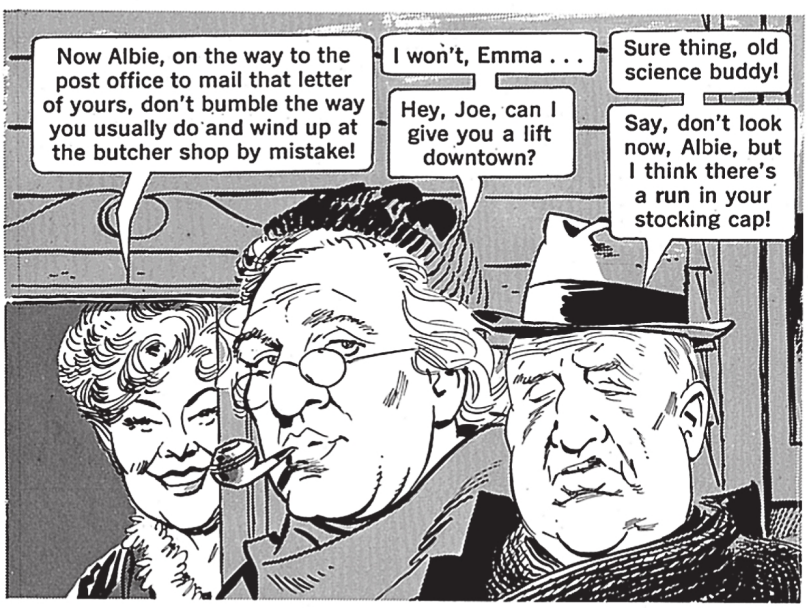
Somehow, darling, you have a wonderful knack for making everything in life seem so marvelous and **simple.** And one day soon, when I develop my Atomic Bomb, I want you to **explain it** to mankind . . .
I will, Albert dearest . . . in a great big, warm, rousing, wonderful song!
Barbara
My Daddy Laurie
My Daddy Melanie
I must not Kick Alice in the
I must not Kick Alice in the
I must not

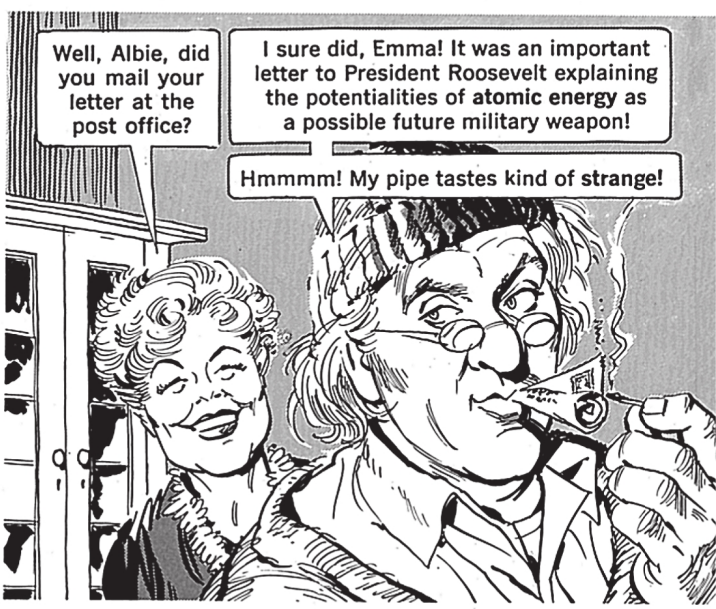
THE STORY OF ALBERT EINSTEIN AS A TV SITUATION COMEDY

The TV producer will turn out a typical situation comedy series filled with the usual surprises (like canned laughter hysterically reacting to the corny gags) in "Life With Albie"...


Mother, this is 1939! I do wish father wouldn't dress so square! Why must he wear that . . . horrible stocking cap? And why is he such a bumbling, absent-minded idiot? I'm so ashamed of him! Ricky is coming by tonight, and if father embarrasses me again, I'll die!
Hello, Emma!
OOPS!
Oh, oh! I guess I goofed again!


Hello, Joe! How's my next-door neighbor? Say, I'm awfully sorry I absent-mindedly set fire to your house yesterday, instead of the pile of leaves in my yard!
That's okay, Emma! Say, I like your new hair style! It's . . .
Oh, excuse me, Albie! For a second I thought you were Emma!


Now Albie, on the way to the post office to mail that letter of yours, don't bumble the way you usually do and wind up at the butcher shop by mistake!
I won't, Emma . . .
Hey, Joe, can I give you a lift downtown?
Sure thing, old science buddy!
Say, don't look now, Albie, but I think there's a run in your stocking cap!


Well, Albie, did you mail your letter at the post office?
I sure did, Emma! It was an important letter to President Roosevelt explaining the potentialities of atomic energy as a possible future military weapon!
Hmmmm! My pipe tastes kind of strange!

Cough . . . cough! Gosh, Emma! I did it again! I guess you'll have to . . .
Yes, Albie, I know! You just sit down there and stay out of trouble . . . and I'll run over to the post office and pick up your pipe before it's mailed to President Roosevelt!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #61, MAR 1961

HAS YOUR FOOD BEEN GENETICALLY ALTERED?

Genetically-altered food has become the scientific community's hottest controversy. On one side, there's the blood-sucking, capitalist, multinational agricultural companies who say there's nothing wrong with a little gene-splicing here and there to make your tomatoes as red as the fire engine that came barreling down our street that cold October morning and ran over our dog. WHY, OH WHY, BLUTCH?! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DIE!?!? (But we digress....) On the other side, there's the know-it-all, do-gooder, Ralph Nader types who think that muckin' with our food supply might not be such a good idea. And in the middle there's you: worried that the Pop Tart you eat this morning will have you dead by noon. Are you consuming food homegrown in Dr. Frankenstein's lab? Use this handy guide to answer the all-important question...

WRITER & ARTIST **TOM CHENEY**

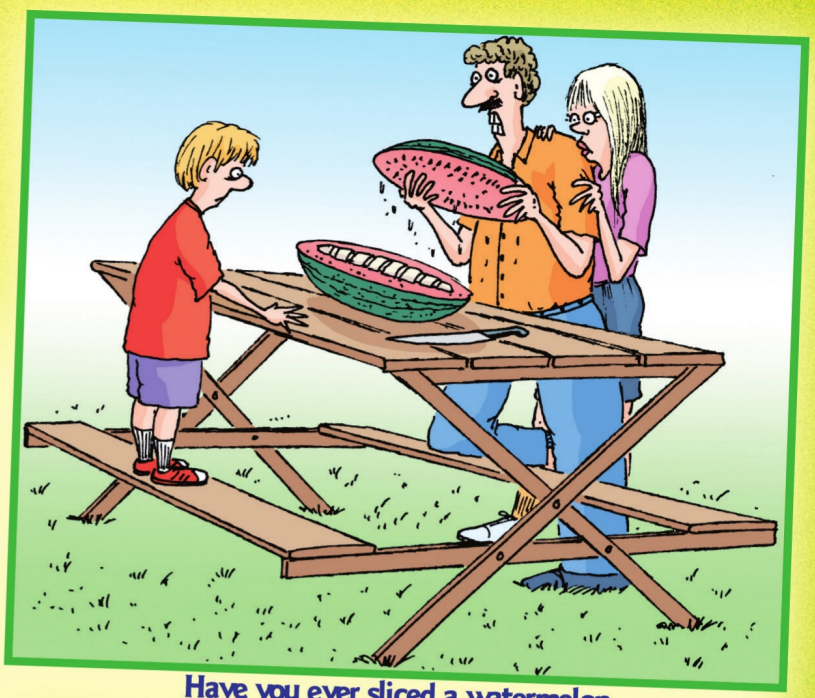
Does the fuzz on your peach ever spread to other things in your kitchen?

Are you finding that half a lemon goes a lot farther than five lemons used to?

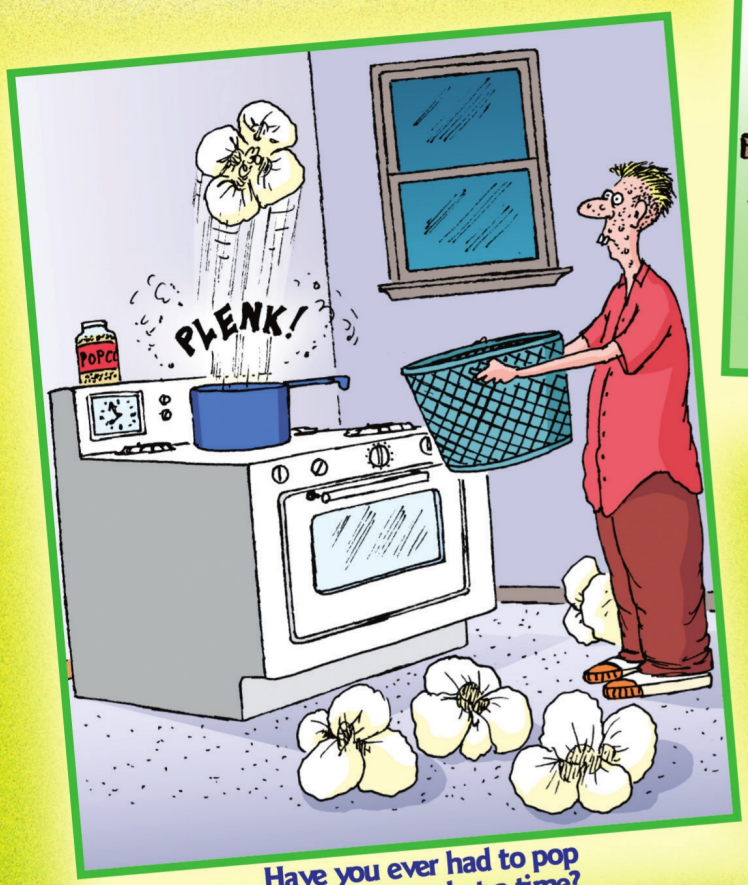
Have you ever spent more than 30 minutes trying to peel a potato with rapid self-healing skin?

Did you ever drop a jalapeño pepper in your kitchen that then burned through five floors of your apartment building?

Do you find yourself trying to avoid buying any eggplant that has a heartbeat?



Have you ever sliced a watermelon in half and found a backbone?



Have you ever had to pop corn one kernel at a time?

Do your eggs bounce when you drop them?

Have you ever peeled a banana and found it to be "anatomically correct"?

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #405, MAY 2001

A BOY and his CHEMISTRY SET

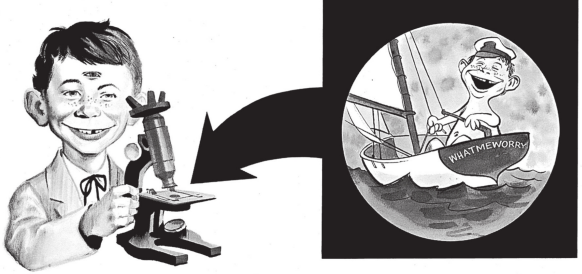
WRITER & ARTIST **DON MARTIN** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #103, JUN 1966

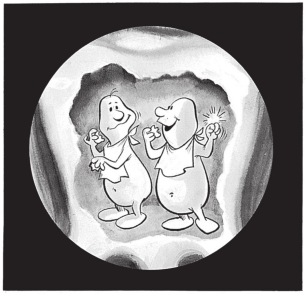
In response to many requests (mostly from the writer, and one from a germ), MAD once again presents a close-up look at that wonderful world-within-a-world — in —

ANOTHER MAD Peek Through The MICROSCOPE

WRITER **PHIL HAHN** ARTIST **BOB CLARKE**



Sailing, Sailing, Over the bounding vein . . .

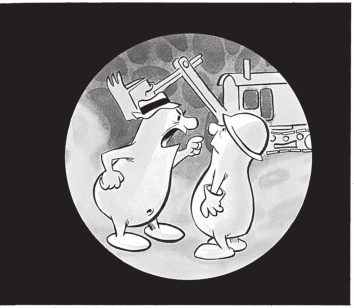


It never seems to occur to them that this invisible shield might protect us, too!

Better get the Bomb Squad over here right away, Chief! Some nut planted a tiny time pill in the Cough Control Center!!

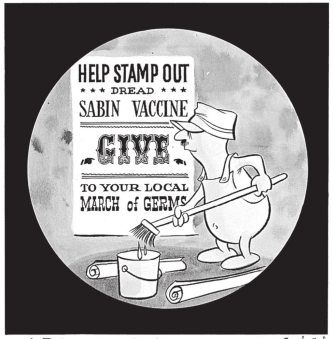
Phyllis's fiance must really be loaded! I hear he gave her a 10-karat kidney stone for their engagement!

There's no justice, Ethel! No sooner do I get the family through the Antihistamine Epidemic then—Wham! They all come down with Aureomycin poisoning!



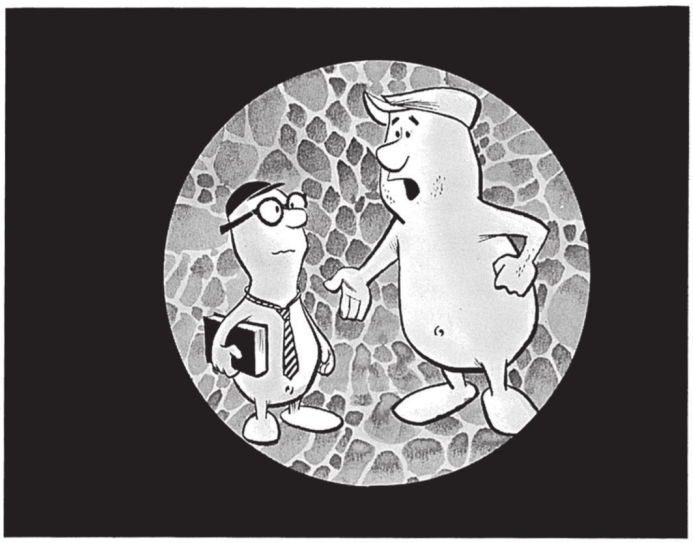
Crest—shmest! Either you meet your cavity quota . . . or I'll find someone who can!

I swear, Maude—you must have a green thumb! You always have the prettiest fungus on the block!

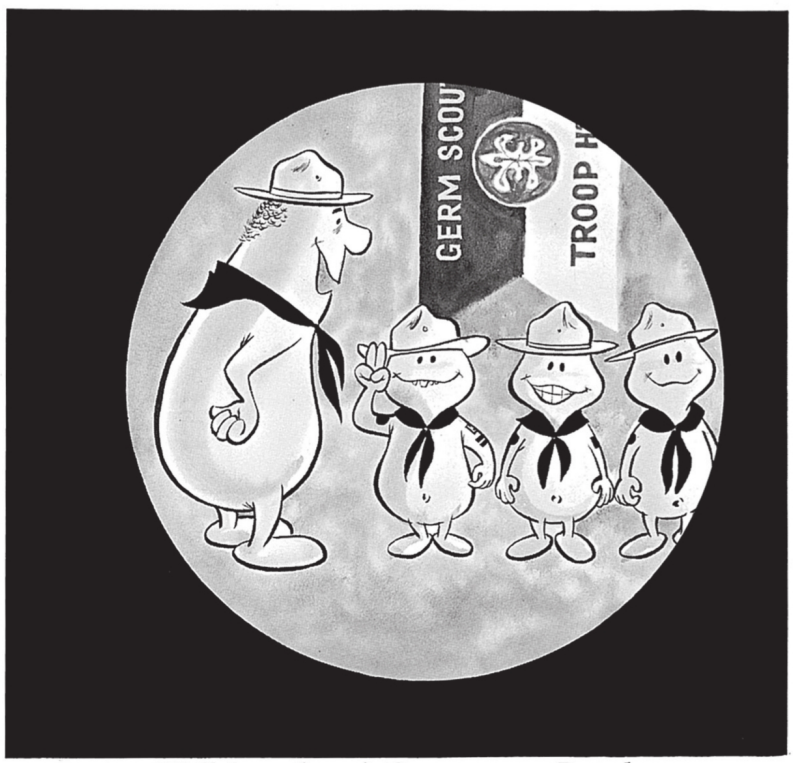


Now, as I was saying before the break, men . . . Remember: The way to detect Hexachlorophene is by its nauseating odor!

Look! There goes the famous "Germ of an Idea" that you hear so much about!



Whattya mean, you don' wanna infect anything!? You wanna be a *bookgerm* all your life?



Well, how about it, Streptococcus Patrol . . . did we all do our bad deeds for today?

I told you, dear—the Paramecium brought you! Now eat your nice corpuscles and stop pestering Mother!

Boy-oh-boy! I'd sure hate to meet one of those in a dark artery, eh, Freddie?

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #89, SEP 1964

GIVE MAD THE FINGER...

...BY SCROLLING AND READING IT ON DC GO!

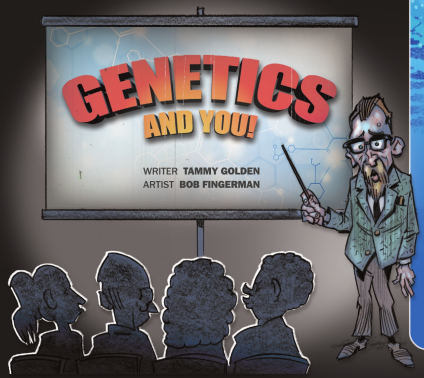
DC GO!

Now you can get vertical-format MAD episodes on DC Universe Infinite! Subscribe to dcuniverseinfinite.com today and get flipping through MAD! New idiotic content available too!

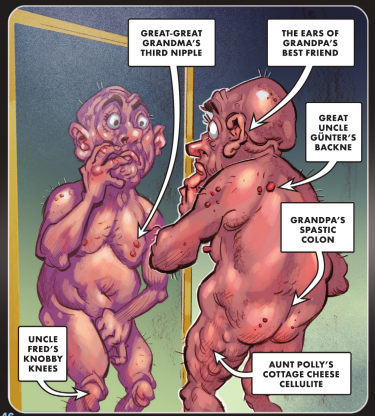
© & TM E.C. PUBLICATIONS. © & ™ DC.

YOUR FAMILY CELLULAR PLAN DEPT.

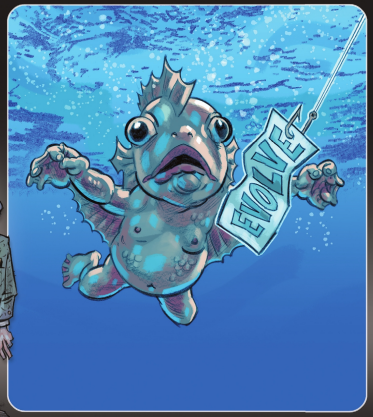
You are a genetic masterpiece! Yes, YOU, the one carrying fused DNA from millions of years of predecessors. A vessel of history, made from recessive and dominant genes and a fair number of mutations! Let's explore...



Look at yourself naked in the mirror. You're seeing bits of your various relatives from across history! But hey, you don't have to stare, pervert. Don't ogle your ancestors.


GREAT-GREAT GRANDMA'S THIRD NIPPLE
THE EARS OF GRANDPA'S BEST FRIEND
GREAT UNCLE GÜNTER'S BACKNE
GRANDPA'S SPASTIC COLON
UNCLE FRED'S KNOBBY KNEES
AUNT POLLY'S COTTAGE CHEESE CELLULITE

As early life forms, we crawled out of primordial ooze. Our ears evolved from gills! Instinct must have told us there's a lot more water than land, so we'd better make friends with it. That's why babies know to hold their breath underwater!



Your genes probably make you look like a combo of Mom and Dad. But dormant traits from more than 50 generations back can pop up. Surprise! Are you lucky enough to share features with a long-bygone relative?

Stuck with a brain you don't like? There's a genetic hack for that! Drugs! You can make your brain chemistry go *so* blotto that it causes behavioral and biochemical changes in your future generations. A gift that keeps on giving!

An acute drive to hunt and gather ensured early man's survival, rewarding their brains with a dopamine hit if successful. That instinct still screams in the primitive part of our brain. Where do we get that sweet high? 24/7 online shopping and *Hoarders*.

Humans are hardwired for language, developing an inherent sense of grammar and structure as we grow. But it's natural for each generation to assert their independence by creating new ways to communicate, leaving elders in the dust!

Why would you spit at eggplants and peaches? Is that what kids do for fun now? A waste of good produce! And at these prices!
BLESS THIS MESS

Genetics aren't limited to humans! Over thousands of years, we've bred dogs to suit our own tastes. Those breeding techniques have given our canines breathing difficulties! Problematic anal glands! Aggression! Hip dysplasia! Isn't playing God *fun*?

Huh. Says here I from wolf?
No way! Me too from wolf!
OMG, I wolf also. Guys, are we related?
You like food, I like food... ALL MAKES SENSE!
PAWS

A SCAR IS BORN DEPT.

A new film recently debuted which stars a legendary monster portrayed by a Hollywood leading man. Opening to rave reviews and big business at the box office, the film is long on gorey, bloody scenes juxtaposed against tender moments of love and human tragedy. Yeah, we can't wait to see Interview With the Vampire! We might even spoof it next issue! For now, here's our spoof of...

FRANKENSLIME

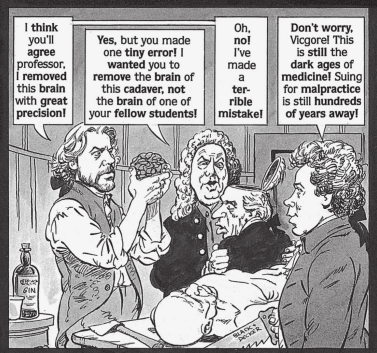
I am **Vicgore Frankenslime!** If I **have** my **way**, a **mother** will **never** again **die** during **child birth**, like **mine** did! My **controversial** plan calls for making the **fathers pregnant!** I **also** believe I can **bring** people **back** from the **dead** — which is **good news** for my **patients** since I'm a **totally incompetent doctor!**

Pay **no attention** to that **fool Frankenslime!** He **still** studies the **ravings** of **ancient medical lunatics!** Here at the **University of Indigent Medicine,** I **teach** my students the ways of **modern medical lunatics!**

I'm **Professor Wildman!** I've **abandoned** my **attempts** to **bring** people **back** from the **dead!** My **experiments** had **terrible consequences** for **mankind!** Actually, I'm **still trying** to bring **one patient back to life who died without paying a large medical bill** — but **only** so he can **settle** the **account! Then** I'll **quit** the **business** for **good!**

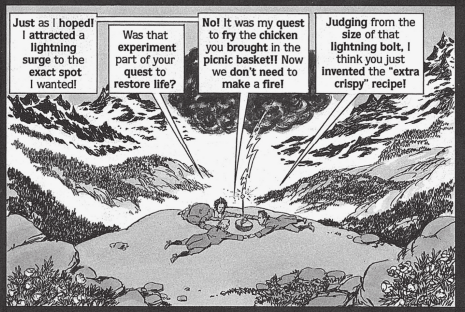
I am **Hernia, Vicgore's fellow** medical **student!** I'm **not** as **advanced** as **him** in **my medical undertakings! He's** trying to **retrieve people back** from the **dead!** Me, I'm still trying to **retrieve** my **lab coat back** from the **laundry!**

I'm **Lizbit,** an **orphan** raised by the **Frankenslime family! Vicgore** and I were **raised** like **brother** and **sister!** His **father** gave me **advice** like a **Dutch Uncle! Now, Vicgore** and I are like **kissing cousins,** unless we're **fighting,** then we're **more like husband** and **wife!** Frankly, I'm **sick** of **relatives** already, which is **rare** for an **orphan!**


I think you'll agree professor, I removed this brain with great precision!
Yes, but you made one tiny error! I wanted you to remove the brain of this cadaver, not the brain of one of your fellow students!
Oh, no! I've made a terrible mistake!
Don't worry, Vicgore! This is still the dark ages of medicine! Suing for malpractice is still hundreds of years away!

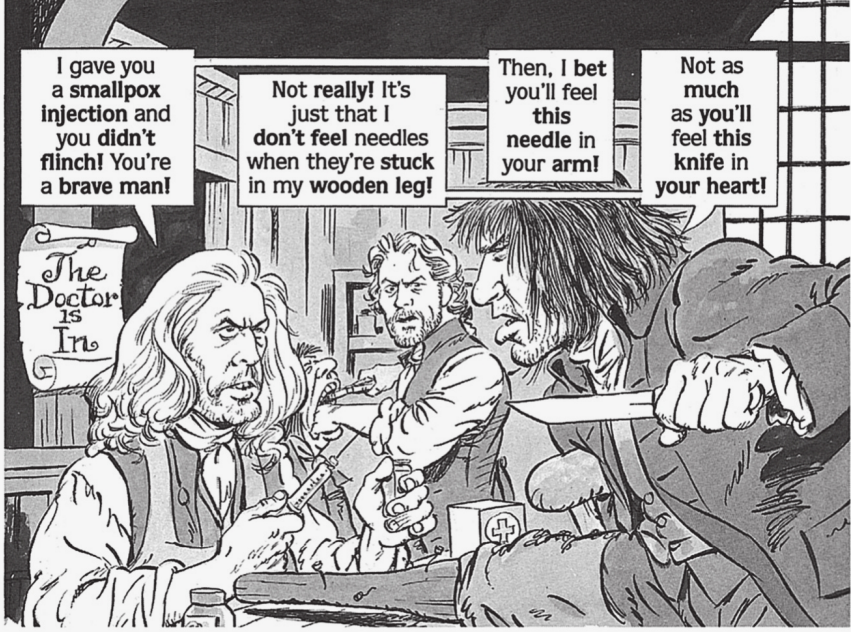
This is one of my experiments! Manipulating body parts with electrical energy!
My God! You made the hand of a chimpanzee move! What do you use it for?
Dusting, washing dishes, and it writes all the notes in my diary! It saves me a lot of time! And when I'm lonely on Friday nights I. . .
I got the picture! I got the picture!
Who would have thought that "Thing" would have found more work after The Addams Family?

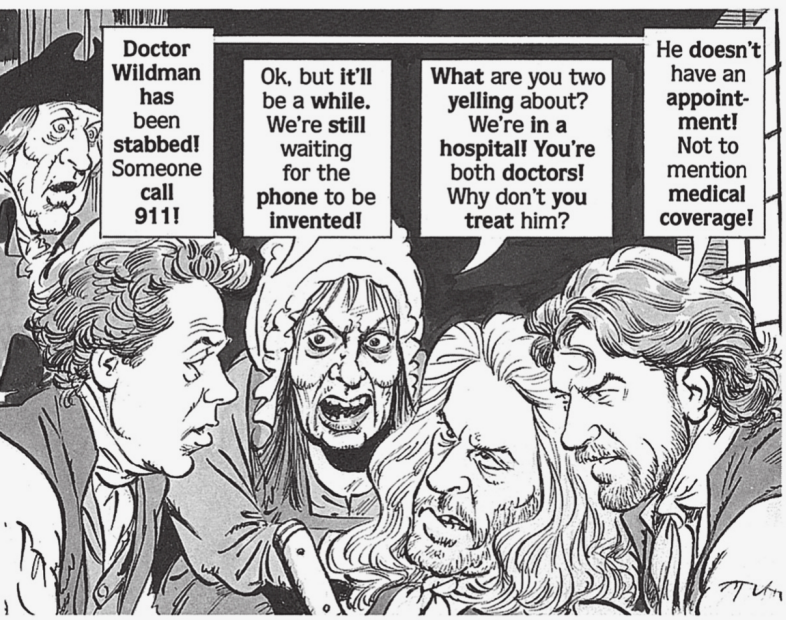
Madam Landlady, I'm expecting delivery of much medical scientific equipment for my laboratory!
So far this case of aspirins is all that's been delivered!
Good! This is really all I need to start my practice! Why not take two and call me in the morning!
You sound just like a doctor already! So professional!
TAXI
Lorenzo's SHOPPE BODY PARTS NEW + USED
ALGORE?
ROTTEN BRAIN

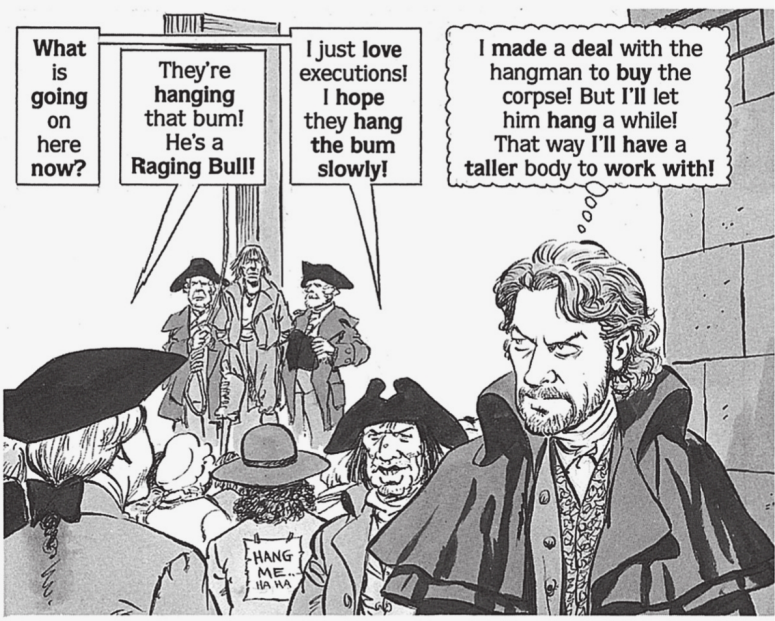

Just as I hoped! I attracted a lightning surge to the exact spot I wanted!
Was that experiment part of your quest to restore life?
No! It was my quest to fry the chicken you brought in the picnic basket!! Now we don't need to make a fire!
Judging from the size of that lightning bolt, I think you just invented the "extra crispy" recipe!

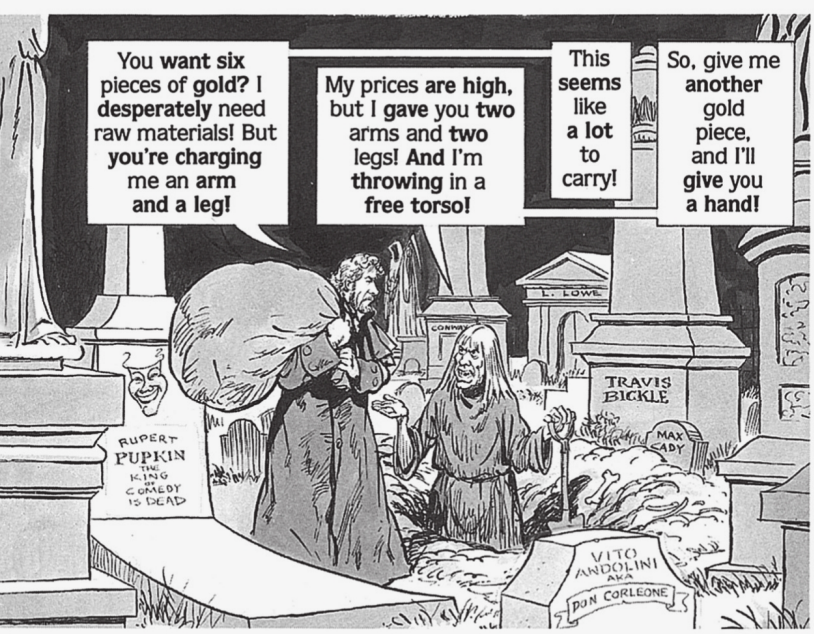
WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **ANGELO TORRES**

My God, was that as good for you as it was for me?
Yes! I need a cigarette! But for God's sake don't use another lightning bolt to light it! A match will do fine!
ZAP

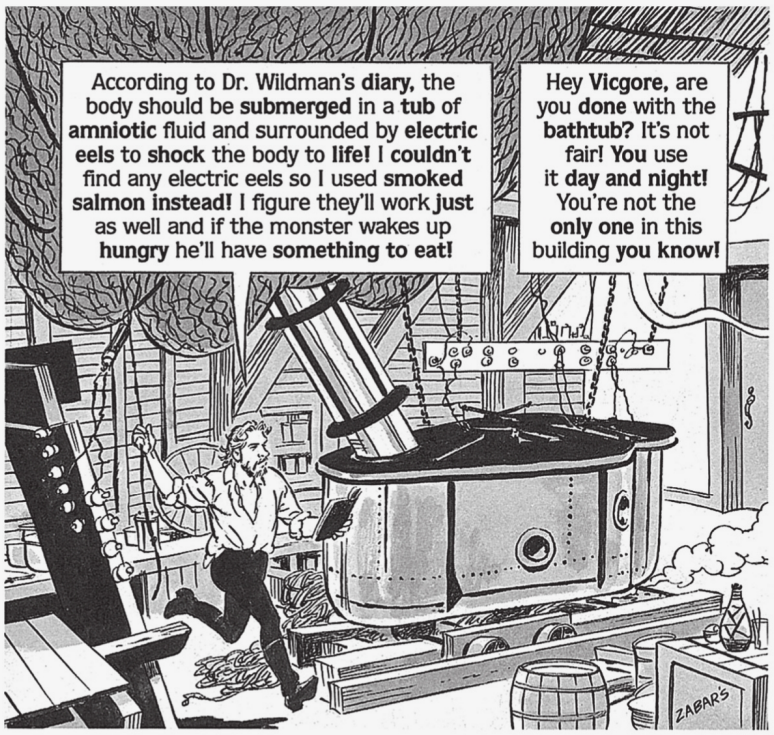

I gave you a smallpox injection and you didn't flinch! You're a brave man!
Not really! It's just that I don't feel needles when they're stuck in my wooden leg!
Then, I bet you'll feel this needle in your arm!
Not as much as you'll feel this knife in your heart!
The Doctor is In


Doctor Wildman has been stabbed! Someone call 911!
Ok, but it'll be a while. We're still waiting for the phone to be invented!
What are you two yelling about? We're in a hospital! You're both doctors! Why don't you treat him?
He doesn't have an appointment! Not to mention medical coverage!

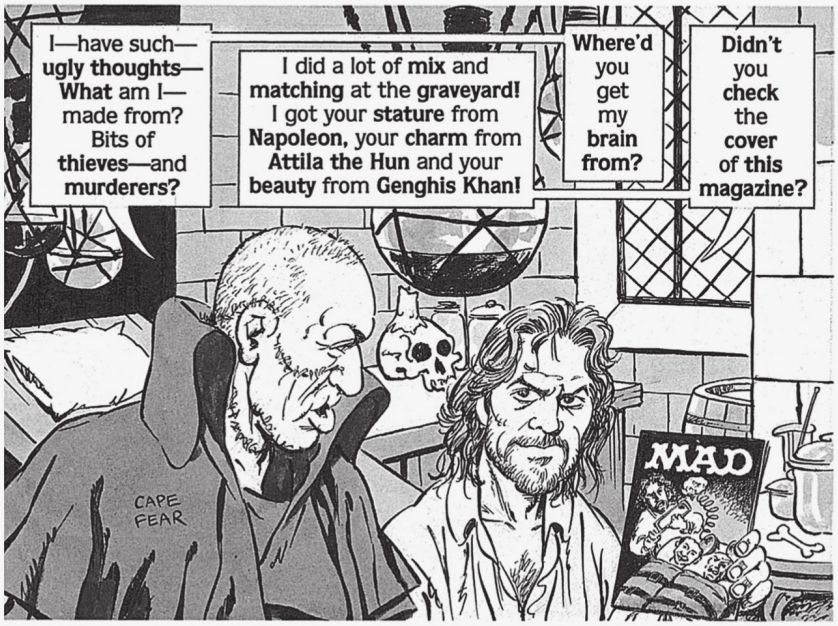

What is going on here now?
They're hanging that bum! He's a Raging Bull!
I just love executions! I hope they hang the bum slowly!
I made a deal with the hangman to buy the corpse! But I'll let him hang a while! That way I'll have a taller body to work with!
HANG ME... HA HA

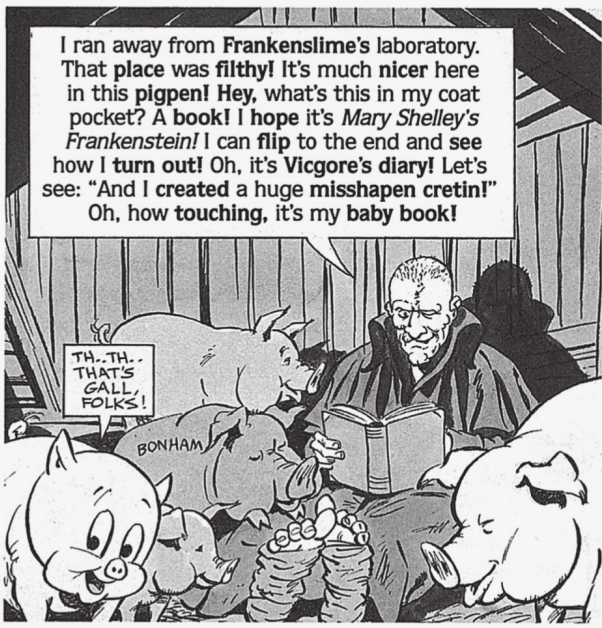

You want six pieces of gold? I desperately need raw materials! But you're charging me an arm and a leg!
My prices are high, but I gave you two arms and two legs! And I'm throwing in a free torso!
This seems like a lot to carry!
So, give me another gold piece, and I'll give you a hand!
L. LOWE
CONWAY
TRAVIS BICKLE
MAX CADY
RUPERT PUPKIN THE KING OF COMEDY IS DEAD
VITO ANDOLINI AKA DON CORLEONE

How can you live like this? There are body parts everywhere! I bet you don't even have decent meals!
I eat very well! I have liver and bunions almost every day!
But this place is so gross and it smells awful!
Calm down! Have a drink! A Bloody Mary, perhaps? It's fresh, not from the can!
PETER'S FIENDS

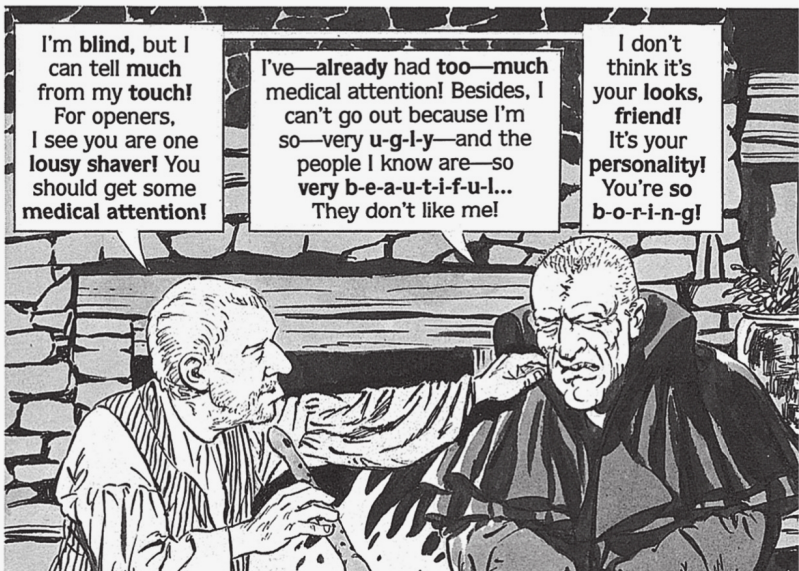

According to Dr. Wildman's **diary,** the body should be **submerged** in a **tub** of **amniotic** fluid and surrounded by **electric eels** to **shock** the body to **life! I couldn't** find any electric eels so I used **smoked salmon instead!** I figure they'll work **just** as well and if the monster wakes up **hungry** he'll have **something to eat!**
Hey **Vicgore,** are you **done** with the **bathtub?** It's not fair! **You** use it **day and night!** You're not the **only one** in this building **you know!**
ZABAR'S

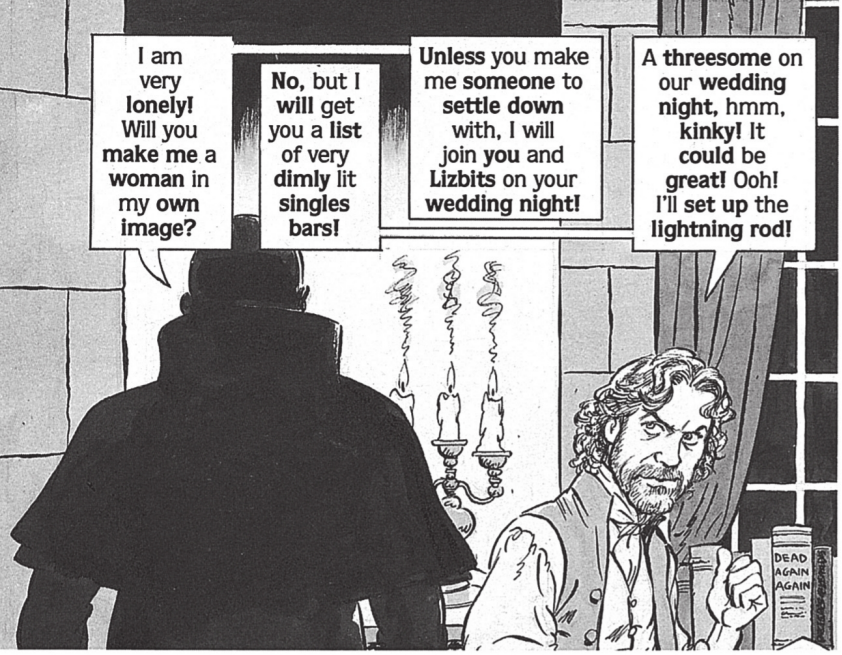
My **God!** You're alive!
You've created **life!**
Yes, and I'm **thrilled!** At last, I have **someone** to **share** the **rent!** This much space isn't **cheap!**

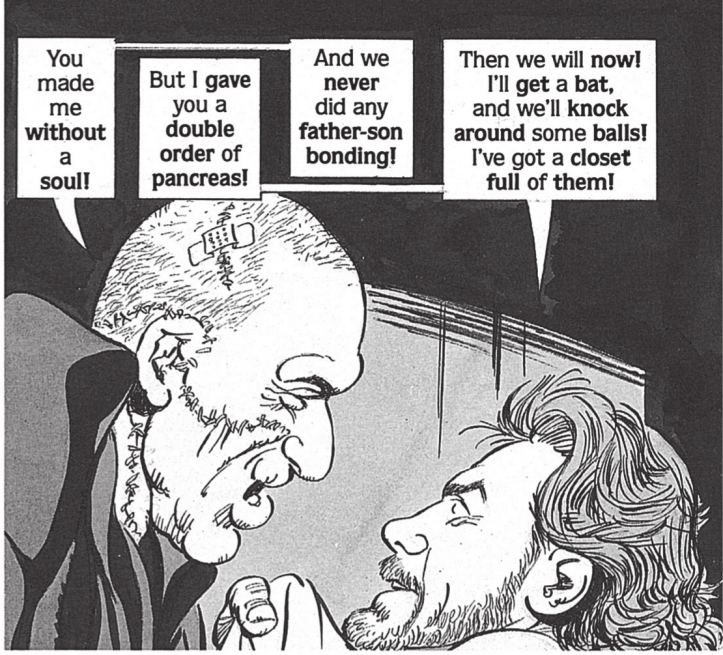

I—have such—**ugly thoughts—What** am I—made from? Bits of **thieves**—and **murderers?**
I did a lot of **mix** and **matching** at the **graveyard!** I got your **stature** from **Napoleon,** your **charm** from **Attila the Hun** and your **beauty** from **Genghis Khan!**
Where'd you get my **brain from?**
Didn't you **check** the **cover** of **this magazine?**
CAPE FEAR
MAD


I ran away from **Frankenslime's** laboratory. That **place** was **filthy!** It's much **nicer** here in this **pigpen! Hey,** what's this in my coat pocket? A **book!** I **hope** it's *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein!* I can **flip** to the end and **see** how I **turn out!** Oh, it's **Vicgore's diary!** Let's see: "And I **created** a huge **misshapen cretin!**" Oh, how **touching,** it's my **baby book!**
TH..TH.. THAT'S GALL, FOLKS!
BONHAM

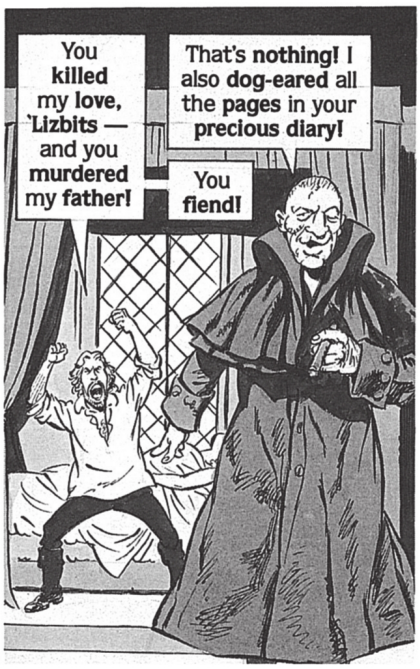
The **entire** crop of vegetables is **harvested** but the ground is **solid ice! How** can that **be?**
I think the **good spirit** of the **forest** has come to our **rescue!**
He **picked** all of them **for us?**
Yes! And gave me a great **marketing** idea! We will **sell** them as the world's first **"frozen vegetables!"**


I'm **blind,** but I can tell **much** from my **touch!** For openers, I see you are one **lousy shaver!** You should get some **medical attention!**
I've—**already** had **too—much** medical attention! Besides, I can't go out because I'm so—very **u-g-l-y**—and the people I know are—so **very b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l...** They don't like me!
I don't think it's your **looks, friend!** It's your **personality!** You're **so b-o-r-i-n-g!**

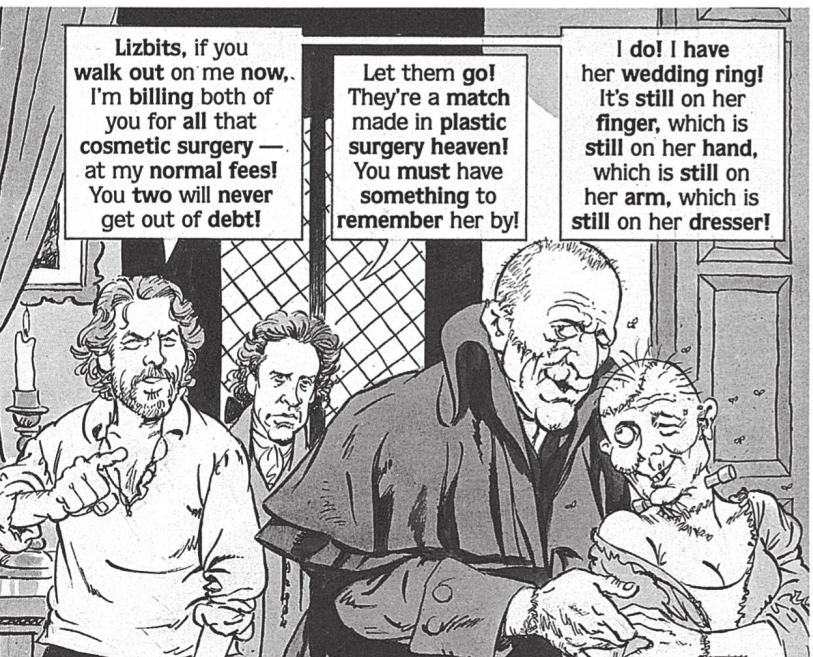

I am very lonely! Will you make me a woman in my own image?
No, but I will get you a list of very dimly lit singles bars!
Unless you make me someone to settle down with, I will join you and Lizbits on your wedding night!
A threesome on our wedding night, hmm, kinky! It could be great! Ooh! I'll set up the lightning rod!
DEAD AGAIN AGAIN


You made me without a soul!
But I gave you a double order of pancreas!
And we never did any father-son bonding!
Then we will now! I'll get a bat, and we'll knock around some balls! I've got a closet full of them!

Vicgore, you are an animal in bed! Oh, my God! You're not Vicgore!
Get away from her!
You're too late! I have stolen her heart!
But she loves me!
Maybe, but I'm telling you, I stole her heart!


You killed my love, Lizbits — and you murdered my father!
That's nothing! I also dog-eared all the pages in your precious diary!
You fiend!

I will bring Lizbits back to life! All that's missing is her heart, but as long as I'm at it, let me fix up that double chin...and give her a little more cleavage...and kiss that cellulite good-bye! Heck, I'll shorten her legs so she can wear higher heels! God I love high heels!
MONSTER MASH


Lizbits, if you walk out on me now, I'm billing both of you for all that cosmetic surgery — at my normal fees! You two will never get out of debt!
Let them go! They're a match made in plastic surgery heaven! You must have something to remember her by!
I do! I have her wedding ring! It's still on her finger, which is still on her hand, which is still on her arm, which is still on her dresser!

All I have left in life Hernia, is you!
Great! I always wanted to marry a doctor!
You mean me? Us?
Why not? We get along! You cook, I play Mozart! You'll get a chance to explore that male pregnancy concept you keep mentioning! And if it doesn't work out, who cares! We have enough body parts lying around to make ourselves new wives!
MOE'S ART
PROPERTY OF SALIERI AMADEUS

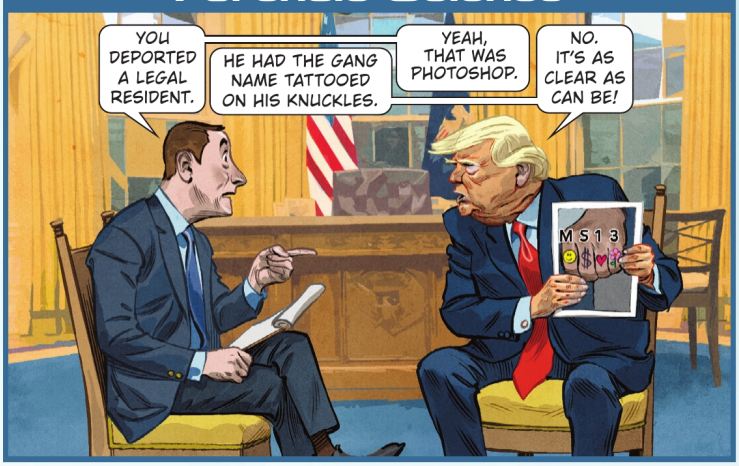
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #334, MAR/APR 1995

SCIENCE FRICTION DEPT.

No one knows more about money, the courts, the visa system, construction, politicians, technology, the economy, infrastructure, banks, campaign finance, ISIS, trade, taxes, ballrooms, lawsuits, debt, drones, and renewable energy than Donald Trump—according to Donald Trump. Now he's bringing his brilliance to a new role...

THE U.S. CZAR OF SCIENCE

Forensic Science


YOU DEPORTED A LEGAL RESIDENT.
HE HAD THE GANG NAME TATTOOED ON HIS KNUCKLES.
YEAH, THAT WAS PHOTOSHOP.
NO. IT'S AS CLEAR AS CAN BE!
M S 1 3

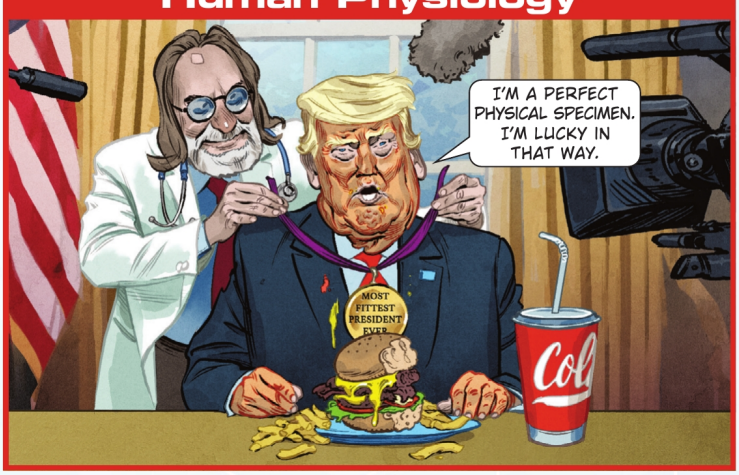
Astronomical Science

Biological Science

Infectious Diseases

Environmental Science

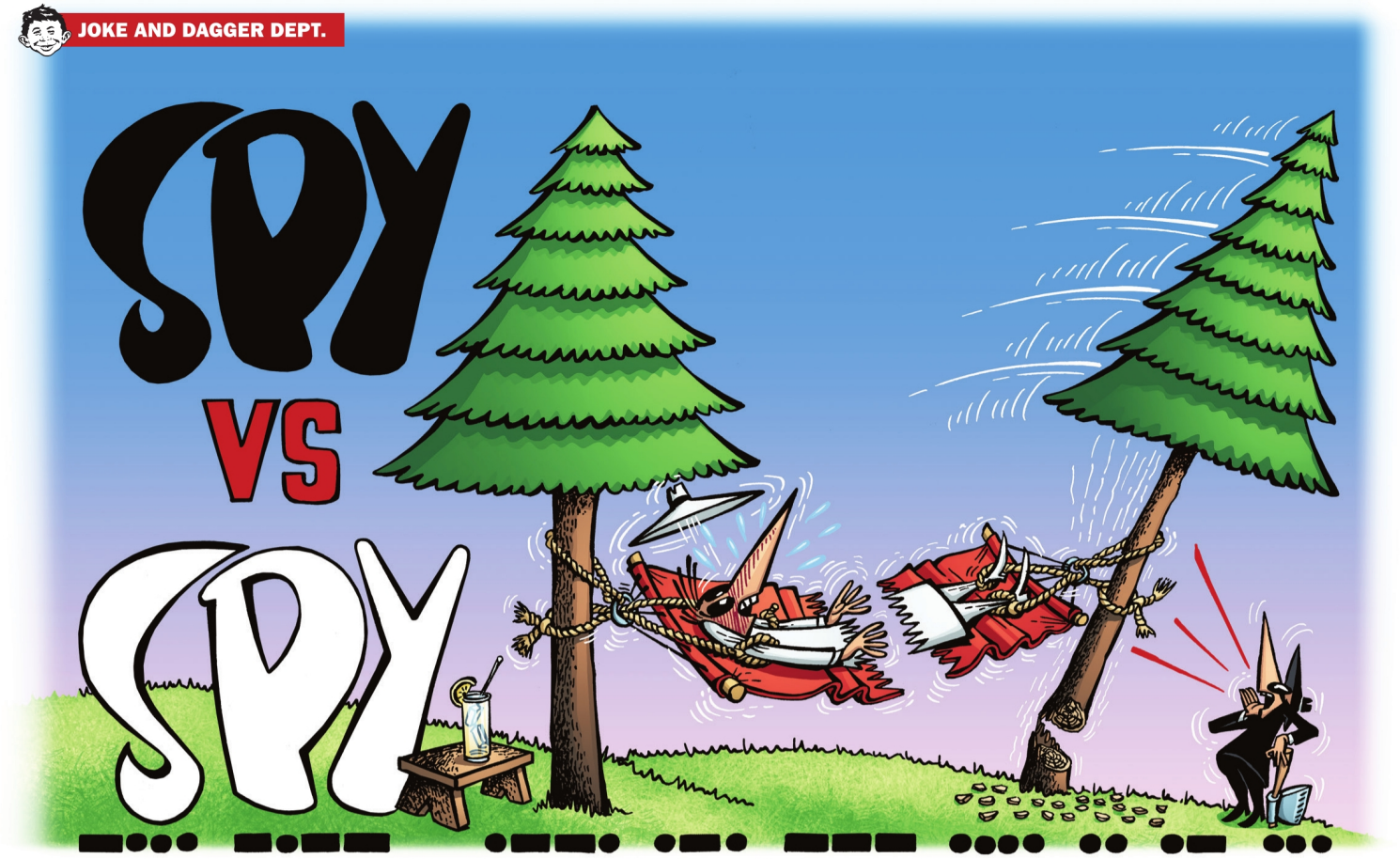
Human Physiology



WRITER **BILL JENSEN**

ARTIST **HERMANN MEJIA**

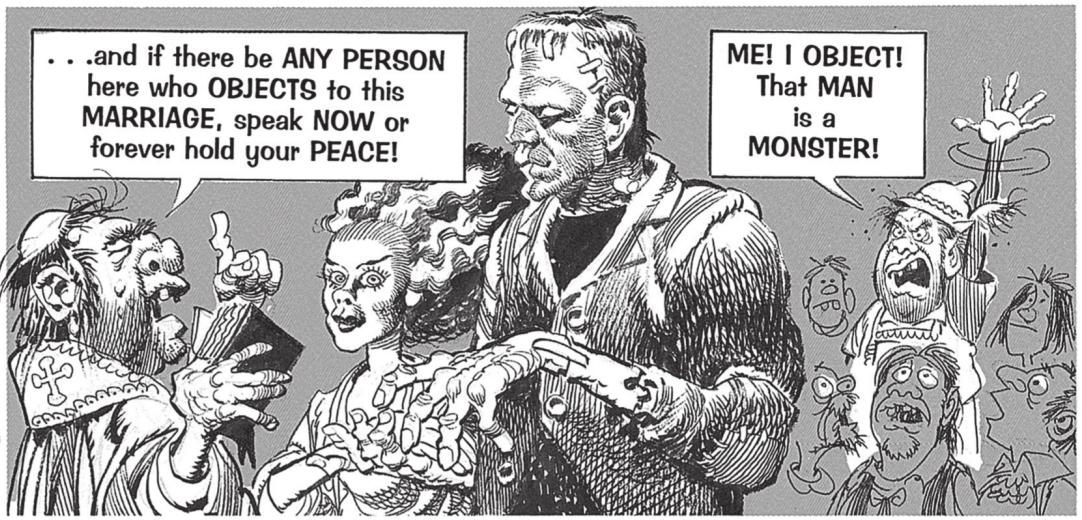
SPY VS SPY



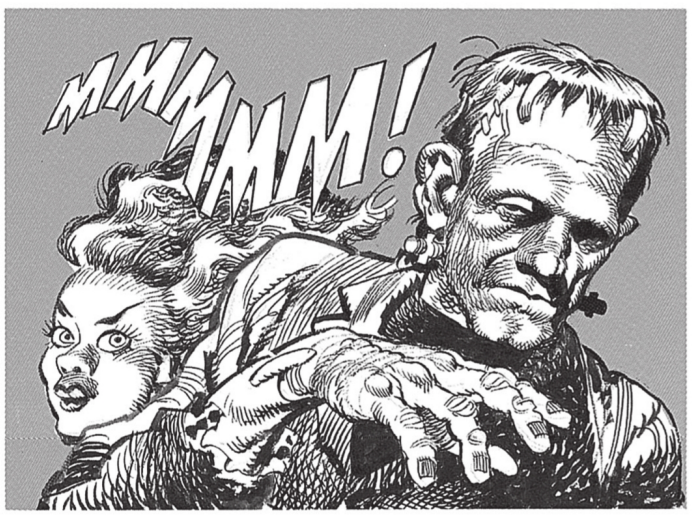
WRITER & ARTIST **ANTONIO PROHIAS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**

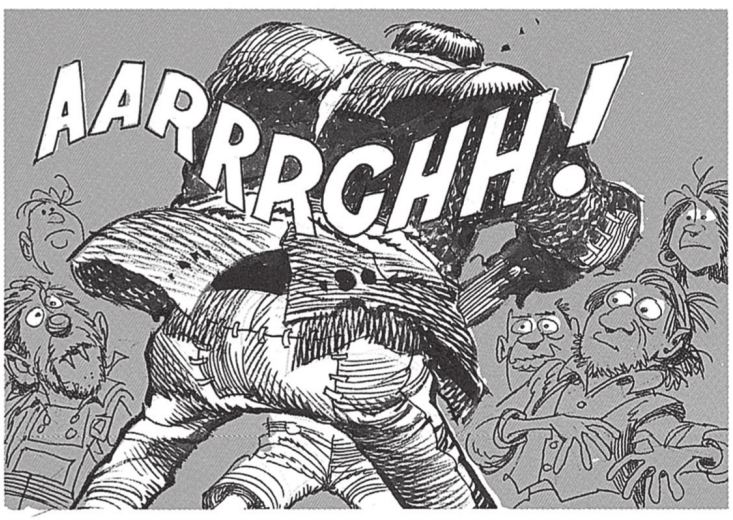
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #96, JUL 1965

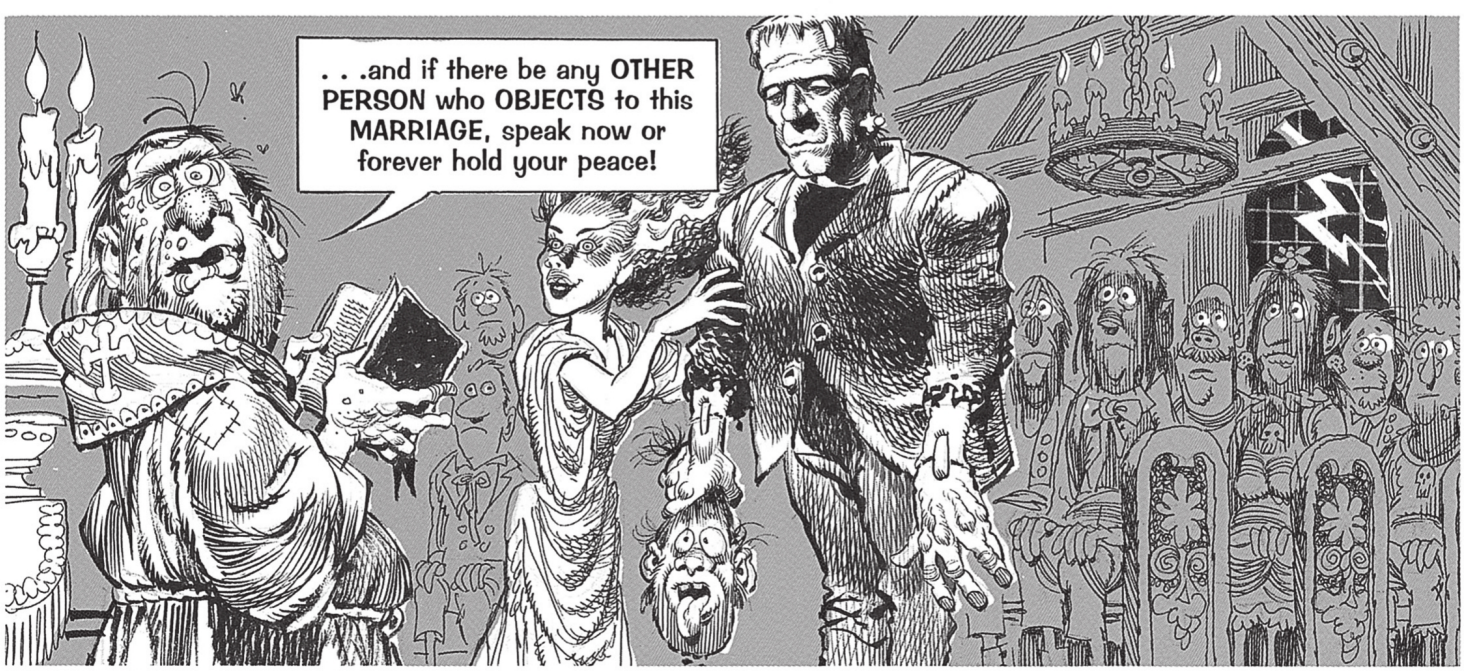
SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE...


. . .and if there be ANY PERSON here who OBJECTS to this MARRIAGE, speak NOW or forever hold your PEACE!
ME! I OBJECT! That MAN is a MONSTER!

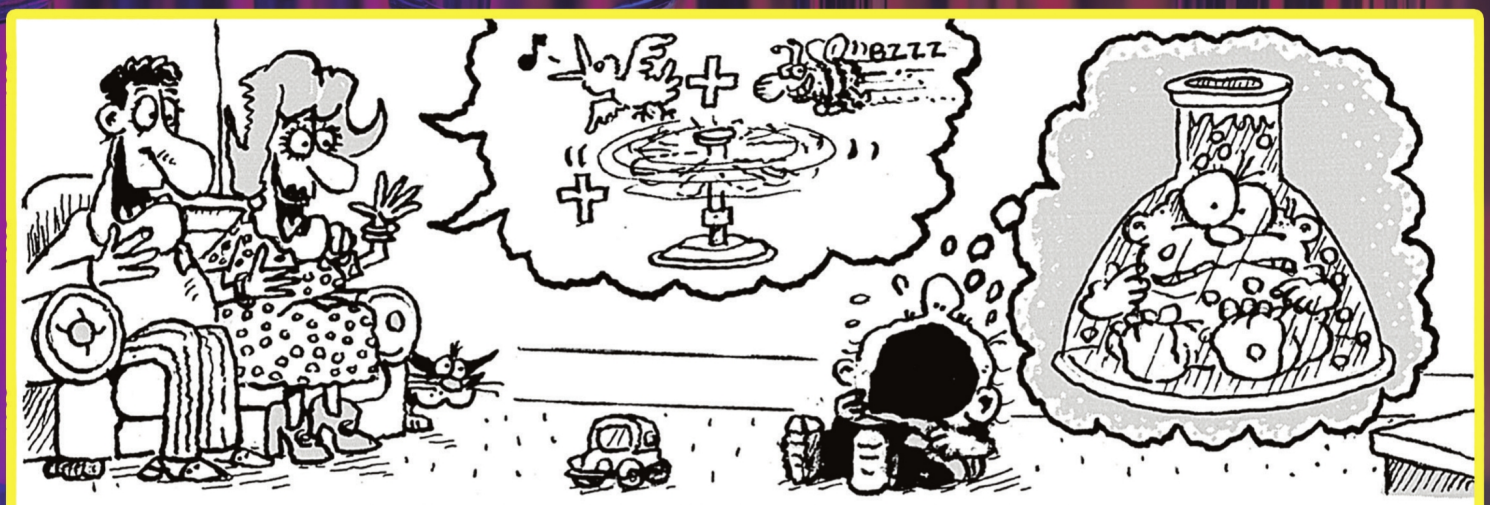
WRITER **DUCK EDWING** ARTIST **JACK DAVIS**





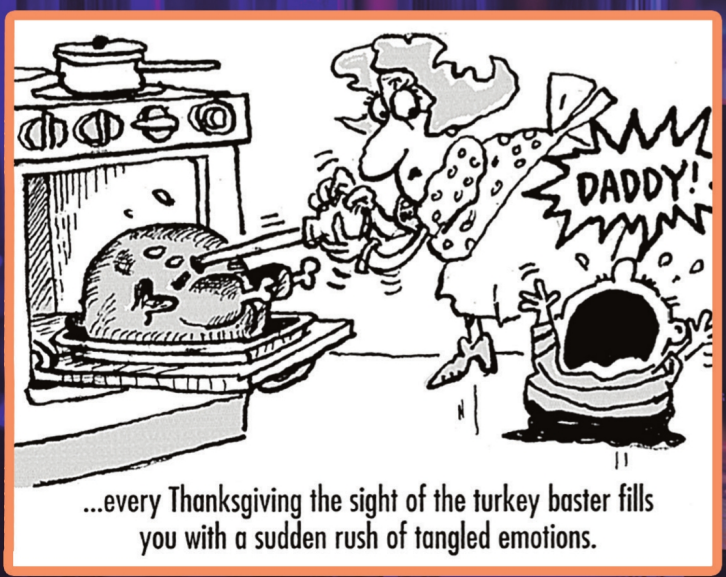


YOU MAY HAVE BEEN A TEST-TUBE BABY IF...



...your parents' talk with you about the birds and the bees includes the phrase "the cyclotronic sperm spinner."

WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN** ARTIST **DON "DUCK" EDWING**



...every Thanksgiving the sight of the turkey baster fills you with a sudden rush of tangled emotions.

...you're deathly afraid of getting into one of those enclosed-glass hotel elevators.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #355, MAR 1997

ADMINISTRATION

JIM LEE PRESIDENT, PUBLISHER & CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
ANNE DePIES SENIOR VP & GENERAL MANAGER
LARRY BERRY VP – BRAND DESIGN & CREATIVE SERVICES
BRIAR DARDEN VP – BUSINESS AFFAIRS
LAWRENCE GANEM VP – EDITORIAL PROGRAMMING & TALENT STRATEGY
MARIE JAVINS VP – EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
JAY KOGAN SENIOR VP – LEGAL
NICK J. NAPOLITANO VP – MANUFACTURING, OPERATIONS & COLLECTED EDITIONS
NANCY SPEARS VP – SALES & MARKETING
CARRIE WILLIAMS EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR – PUBLICITY & COMMUNICATIONS

FOR SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES Call 1-888-516-7365 (US/Canada only) or write to PO Box 727, New Hyde Park, NY 11040-0727. Please DO NOT phone, write, fax, or email our editorial office—we're too dumb to help you here! **HOW TO REACH US** MAD, Dept. 045, 4000 Warner Blvd., Bldg 700, 2nd Floor, Burbank, CA 91522. All letters to the editor and accompanying photos or other materials may be edited and published in any MAD publication in any format and will not be returned. For Advertising and Custom Publishing, contact dccomicsadvertising@dc.com. **VISIT US ONLINE AT MADMAGAZINE.COM**

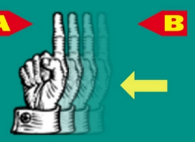
MAD (ISSN 0024 9319) is published 6 times a year by E.C. Publications Inc., 4000 Warner Blvd., Bldg 700, 2nd Floor, Burbank, CA 91522. Periodicals postage paid at Van Nuys, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Subscription in USA: 6 issues $19.99. 6 issues Digital Edition only $9.99. Outside USA (excluding Canada): 6 issues $29.99. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of first issue. Entire contents © copyright 2025 by E.C. Publications, Inc. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: Send address change to MAD, PO Box 727, New Hyde Park, NY 11040-0727. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in USA.

WHAT HAS CAUSED A DRAMATIC RISE IN MAD SCIENTISTS?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

These days, it seems likely that wherever you go, you'll see a mad scientist. On the corner, at the mall, on the bus, in the laboratory...well, at least that one makes sense. Something certainly caused a surge in this niche demographic. To see what that is, fold as shown at right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B

WAS IT SOMETHING THESE DOCTORS WERE FED AS KIDS? EXPERTS ARE ALARMED BY THIS GENERAL FURTHERANCE OF MALFEASANCE. IT'S A CONFOUNDING CURVEBALL TO US ALL. CALAMITOUS RIPPLE EFFECTS WILL BE FELT FOR GENERATIONS TO COME.

A

WRITER & ARTIST **JOHNNY SAMPSON**

B

WHAT HAS CAUSED A DRAMATIC RISE IN MAD SCIENTISTS?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW

MAD FOLD-IN

These days, it seems likely that wherever you go, you'll see a mad scientist. On the corner, at the mall, on the bus, in the laboratory...well, at least that one makes sense. Something certainly caused a surge in this niche demographic. To see what that is, fold as shown at right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A B

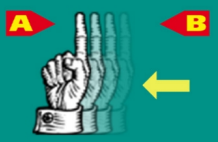
WAS IT SOMETHING THESE DOCTORS WERE FED AS KIDS? EXPERTS ARE ALARMED BY THIS GENERAL FURTHERANCE OF MALFEASANCE. IT'S A CONFOUNDING CURVEBALL TO US ALL. CALAMITOUS RIPPLE EFFECTS WILL BE FELT FOR GENERATIONS TO COME.

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

A B

WHAT HAS CAUSED A DRAMATIC RISE IN MAD SCIENTISTS?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



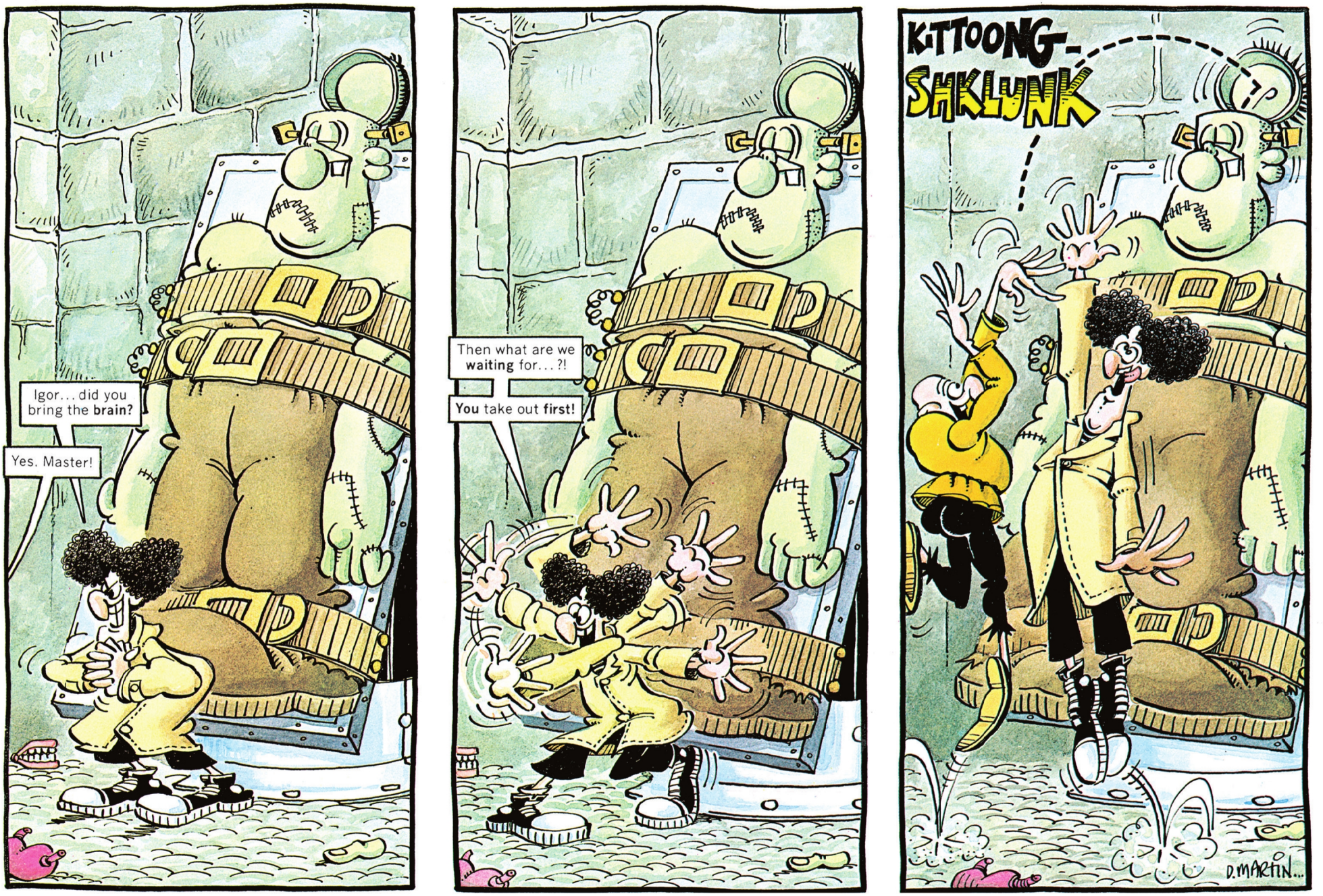
A B

FEDERAL FUNDING CUTS

A B

ONE-ON-ONE NIGHT IN THE LABORATORY

WRITER **DON "DUCK" EDWING** ARTIST **DON MARTIN**

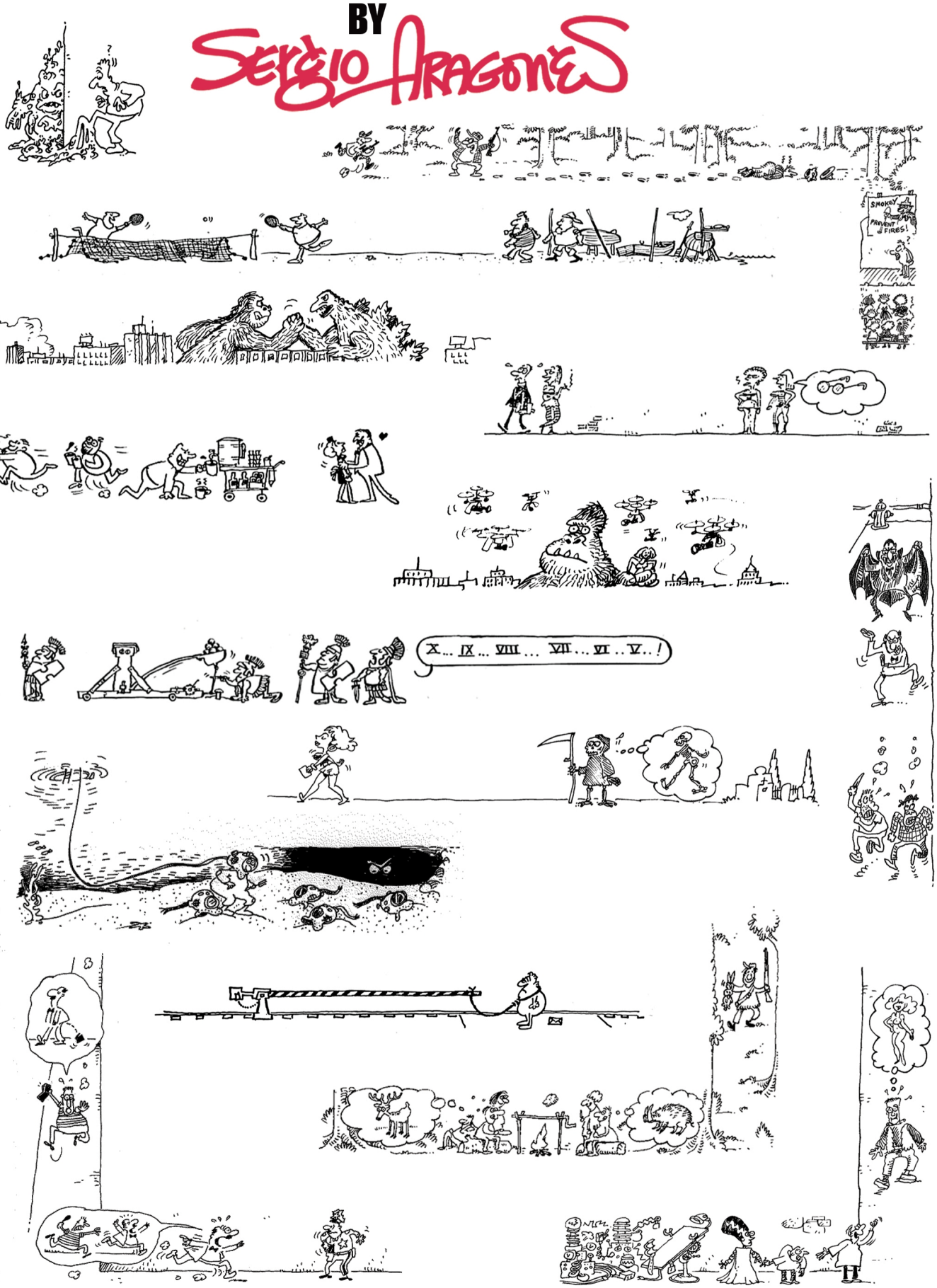


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #242, OCT 1983

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY

SERGIO ARAGONÉS



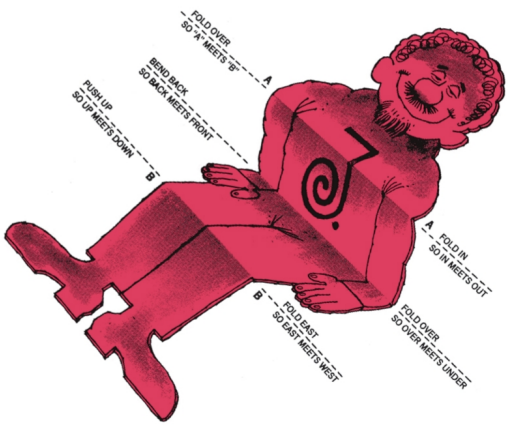
MAD™

DIGITAL EDITION

BONUS MATERIAL!

Now lets explore some subatomic science with this sub par satire from MAD #110, April 1967. It'll make you giggle all the way down to your molecular middle and back.

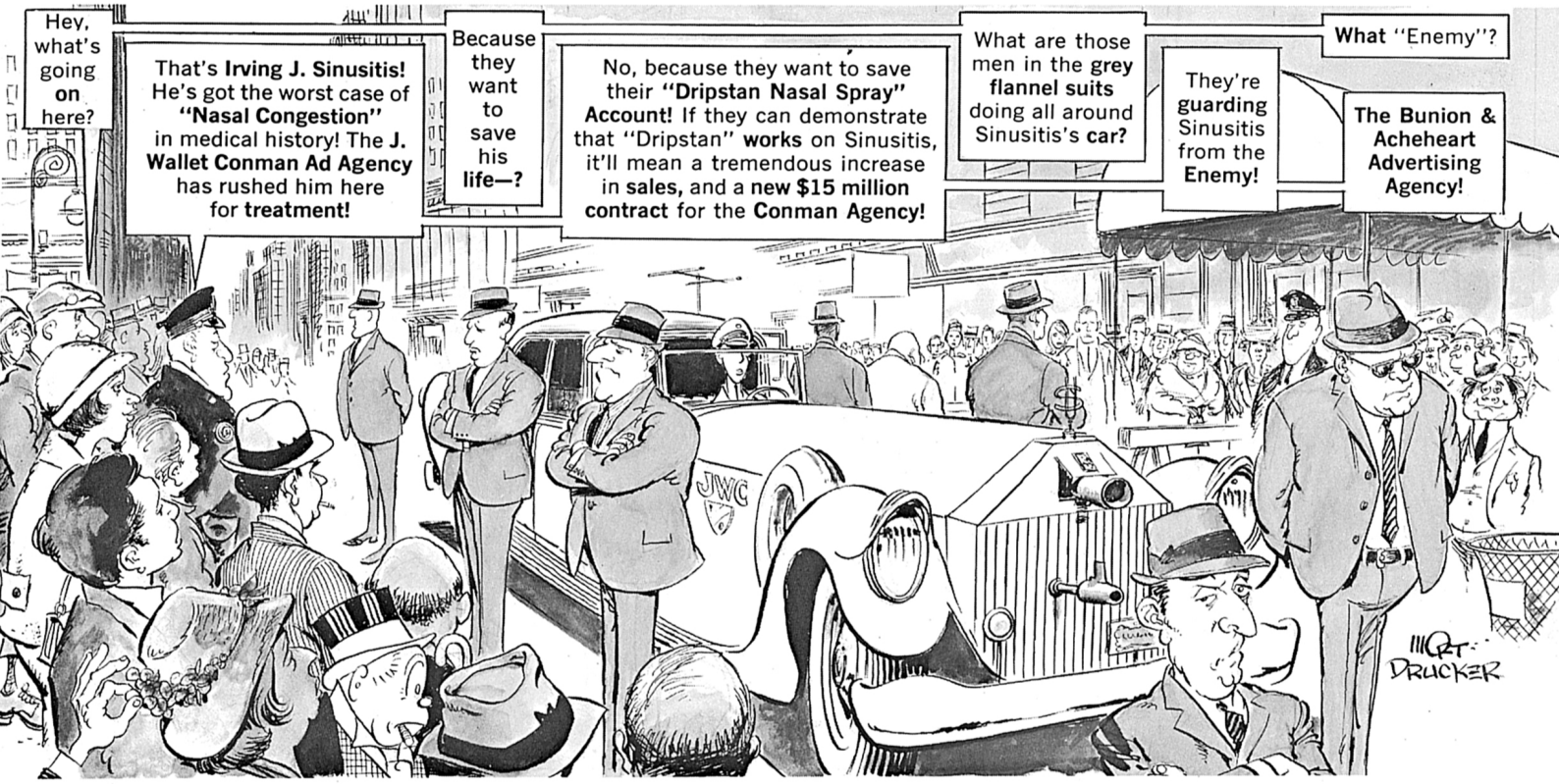
And then get your Fold-in funny bone irradiated by Dr. Jaffee's scientific theory that was in MAD #286, April 1989.


FOLD OVER SO "A" MEETS "B"
A
BEND BACK SO BACK MEETS FRONT
PUSH UP SO UP MEETS DOWN
B
A
FOLD IN SO IN MEETS OUT
B
FOLD EAST SO EAST MEETS WEST
FOLD OVER SO OVER MEETS UNDER

INSIDE JOKE DEPT.

And now, your nauseated Editors present a slightly altered "MAD Version" of the recent "Science Fiction" movie that featured, among other disgusting things (like f'rinstance the acting performances), a sickening trip through the Human Body. Which is why we call it . . .

FANTASTECCH VOYAGE

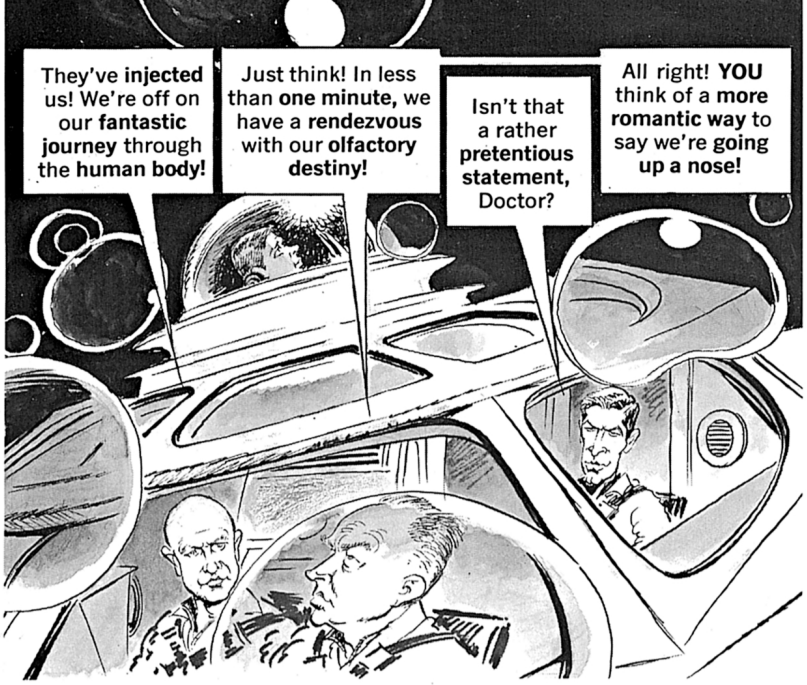

Hey, what's going on here?
That's Irving J. Sinusitis! He's got the worst case of "Nasal Congestion" in medical history! The J. Wallet Conman Ad Agency has rushed him here for treatment!
Because they want to save his life—?
No, because they want to save their "Dripstan Nasal Spray" Account! If they can demonstrate that "Dripstan" works on Sinusitis, it'll mean a tremendous increase in sales, and a new $15 million contract for the Conman Agency!
What are those men in the grey flannel suits doing all around Sinusitis's car?
What "Enemy"?
They're guarding Sinusitis from the Enemy!
The Bunion & Acheheart Advertising Agency!
JWC
MORT DRUCKER

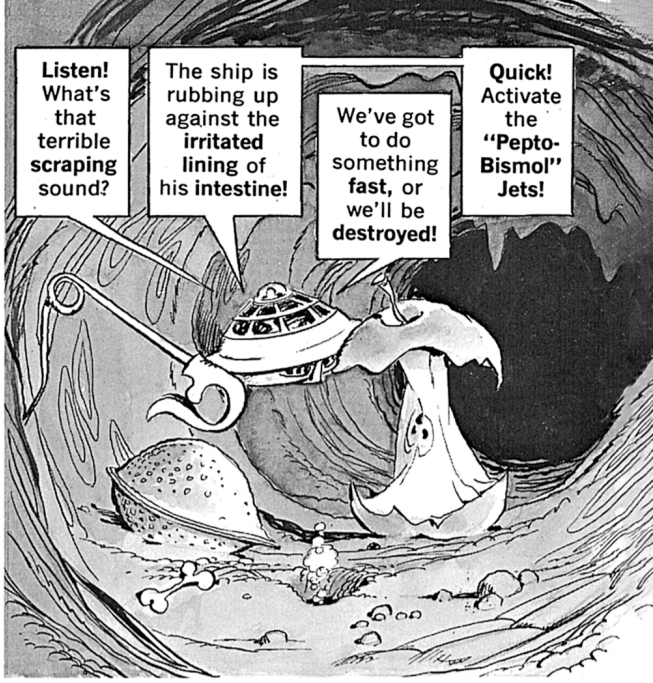
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Bunion & Acheheart will do anything to sabotage this demonstration on Sinusitis! Then they can prove the effectiveness of their OWN client's product—"Cleantract Cold Tablets"!
Look! There's one of the Enemy Account Executives attacking now!
He's punching Sinusitis in the nose!
COCA COLA
RHEINGOLD
FORD
L&M-LUX

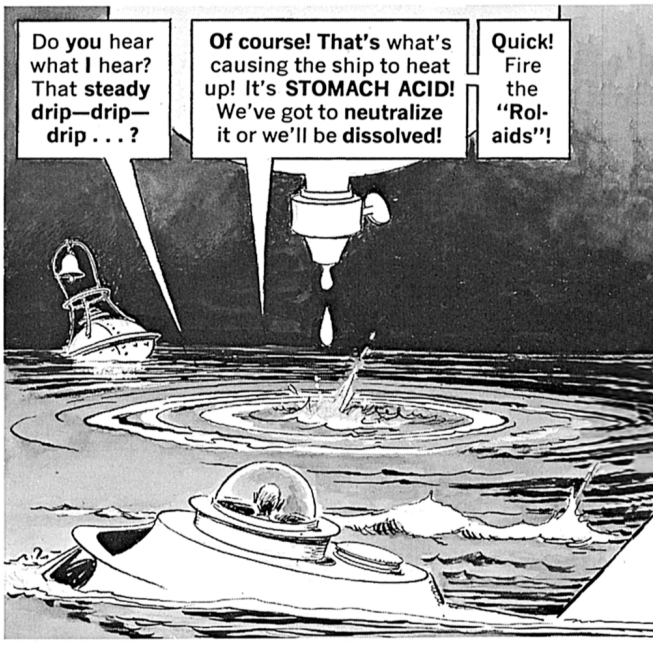
He'll pay for this!
You mean the J. Wallet Conman Agency will shoot him?
Worse than that! They'll sit him down in their Conference Room and talk to him for 3 hours! Did you ever hear Ad-Men talk?
Yecch! What a horrible way to die!

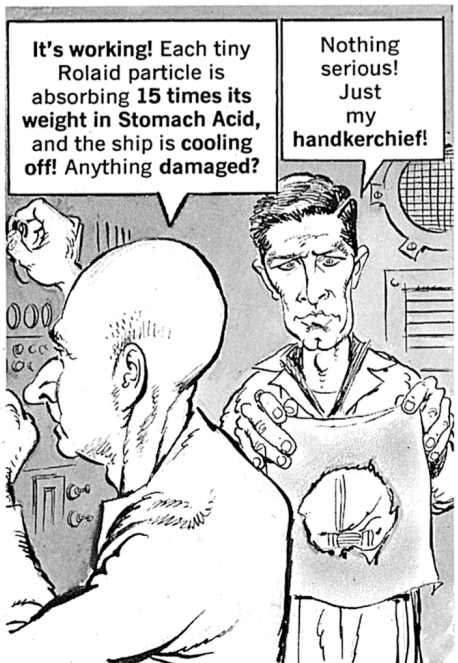
His nose is so sore from that terrible punch and from his severe Nasal Congestion that I strongly advise against the use of a Nasal Spray! It might well cause complications over which we could have no control!
We've got no choice, Mr. Conman! We've got to turn him over to the Enemy and let them give him one of their tablets! After all, the man's life is at stake!
You're some Nasal Spray Account Executive, Ream! Talking about tablets! If we can't spray him from the outside, we'll have to spray him from the inside! Rush this man into "LS/MFT," and prepare to operate immediately!
I'm new here! What does "LS/MFT" stand for?
"Laboratory Sector for Making Folks Tiny"! Here's where the Agency shrinks people to microscopic size for TV Ad Demonstrations within the human body. The only catch is: The miniaturization lasts for just Sixty Seconds! Then the person returns to normal!
Fantastic!
Yes, in 9 seconds, I'll become my old self again . . . John Wayne!
LS/MFT
All right, Crew! You will soon be shrunk to microscopic size, after which you will have but one minute to enter Sinusitis's body, spray his nasal passages from the inside with Dripstan, and return! Oh, by the way—this is Dripstan Account Exec, Donald Ream—
Hi! I'm Dr. Micro! I'm going along because I'm the Navigator!
I'm Sidney Omens! I'm going along because I'm the Pilot!
I'm Dr. NoCal! I'm going along because I'm performing the Spray Operation!
I'm Carrie VaVoom! I'm going along because wait and see how I look in a skin-tight diving suit!
I'm Steve Grunt! I'm going along to wait and see how she looks!
Look! The ship and the crew inside are starting to shrink!
Amazing! They're already down to SUPER ECONOMY SIZE!
They're getting even smaller!
Now they're down to GIANT ECONOMY SIZE!
Now they're down to LARGE ECONOMY SIZE!
I'll bet Ream used to handle Soap Box and Cereal Packaging for the Agency!
Gee! How could you tell?

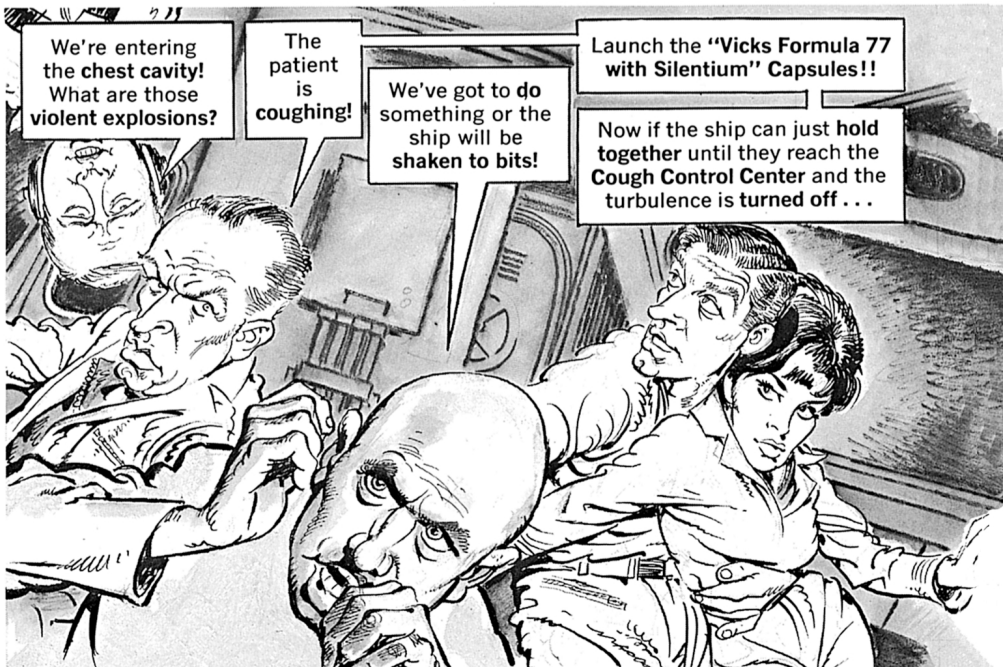

They've **injected** us! We're off on our **fantastic journey** through the **human body!**
Just think! In less than **one minute,** we have a **rendezvous** with our **olfactory destiny!**
Isn't that a rather **pretentious statement,** Doctor?
All right! **YOU** think of a **more romantic way** to say we're **going up a nose!**

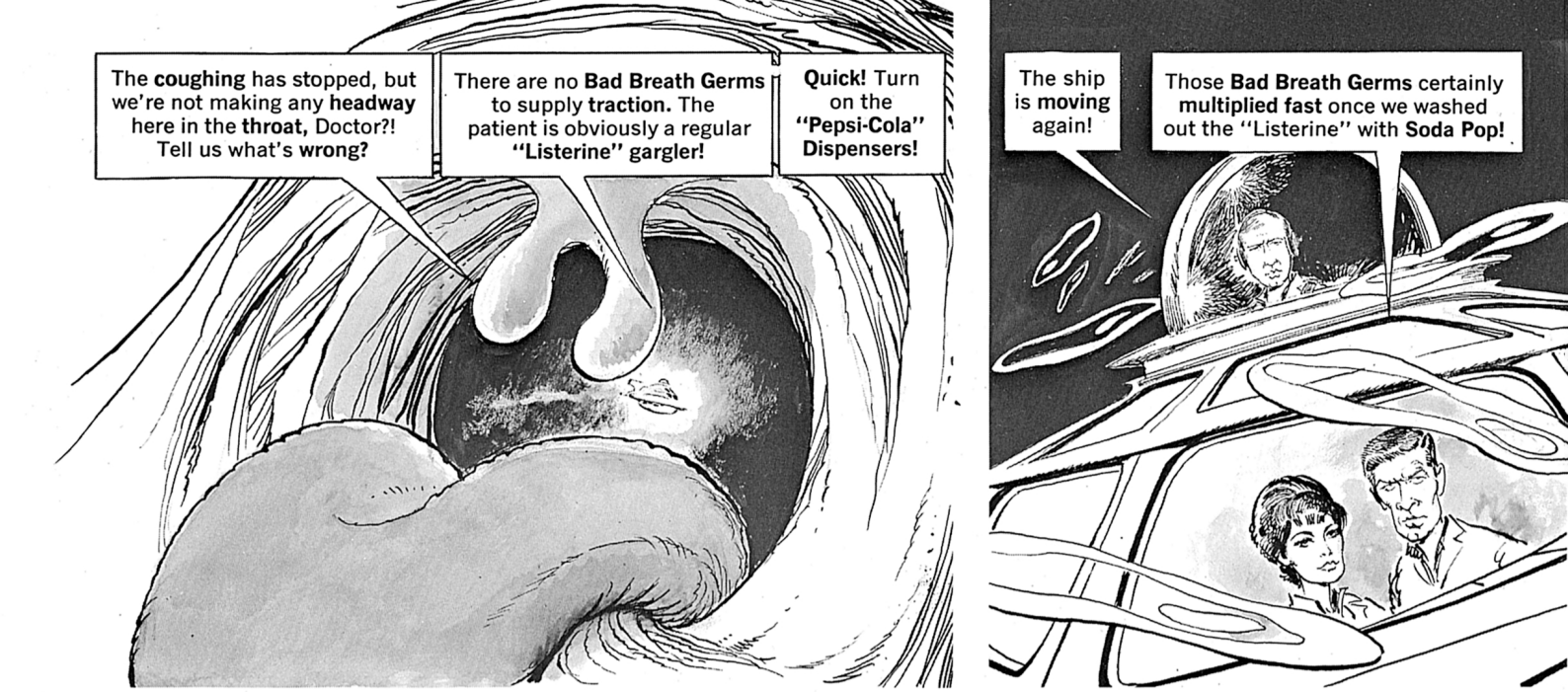

Listen! What's that terrible **scraping** sound?
The ship is rubbing up against the **irritated lining** of his **intestine!**
We've got to do something **fast,** or we'll be **destroyed!**
Quick! Activate the **"Pepto-Bismol" Jets!**

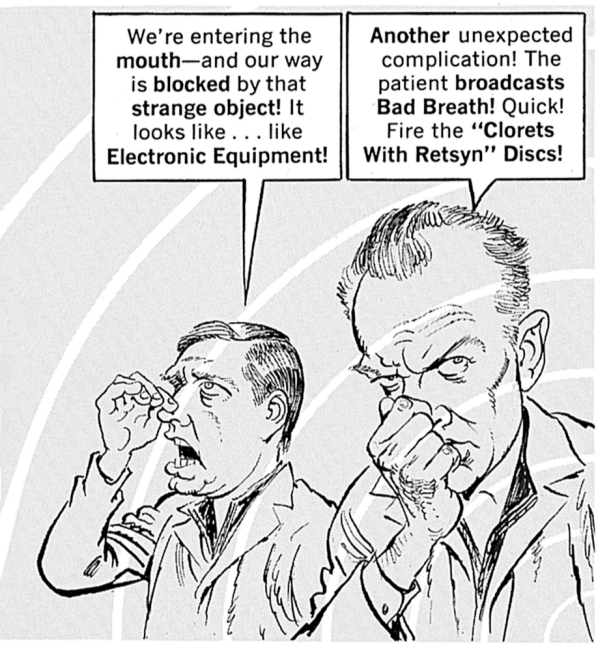
It worked! The "Pepto-Bismol" **coated the intestine walls** and we're sliding into the **stomach!**
Hey, it's getting **hot** in here!
Why don't you slip into something **cooler?** Like your **skin-tight diving suit!**
Not yet! Not yet! I wonder what's **causing** this heat!
Heartburn! What **else!?** I **told** them not to feed the patient **Pizza** for lunch!

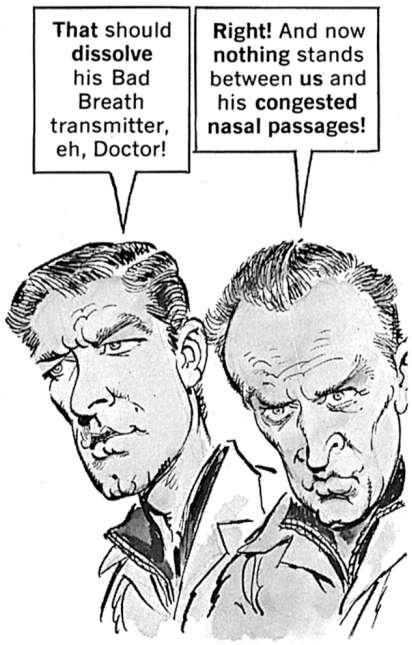

Do **you** hear what **I** hear? That **steady drip—drip—drip . . . ?**
Of course! That's what's causing the ship to heat up! It's **STOMACH ACID!** We've got to **neutralize** it or we'll be **dissolved!**
Quick! Fire the **"Rolaids"!**

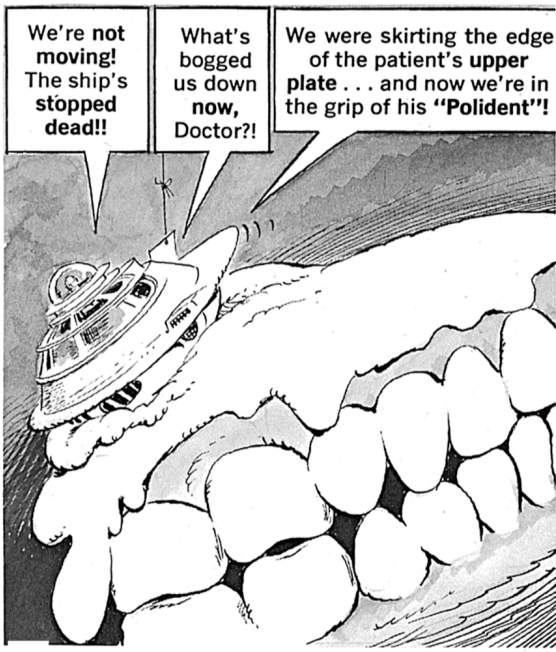

It's working! Each tiny Rolaid particle is absorbing **15 times its weight in Stomach Acid,** and the ship is **cooling off!** Anything **damaged?**
Nothing serious! Just my **handkerchief!**

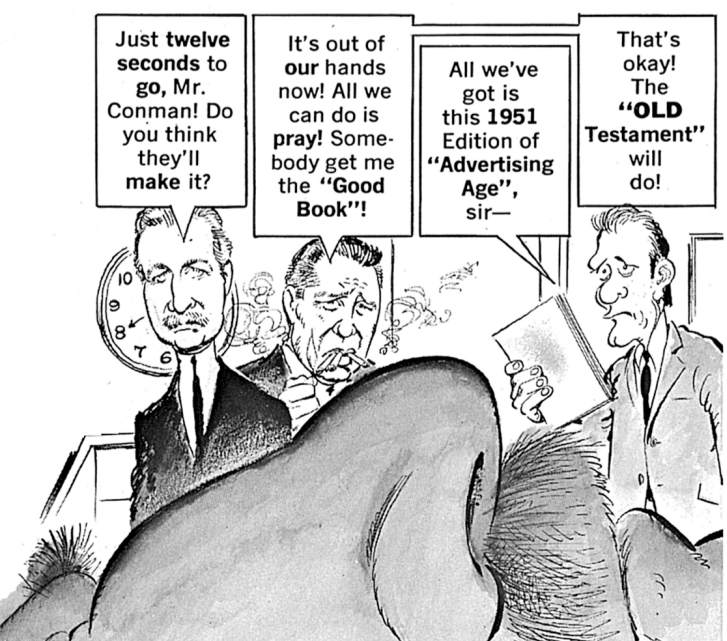

We're entering the **chest cavity!** What are those **violent explosions?**
The patient is **coughing!**
We've got to **do** something or the ship will be **shaken to bits!**
Launch the **"Vicks Formula 77 with Silentium" Capsules!!**
Now if the ship can just **hold together** until they reach the **Cough Control Center** and the turbulence is **turned off . . .**

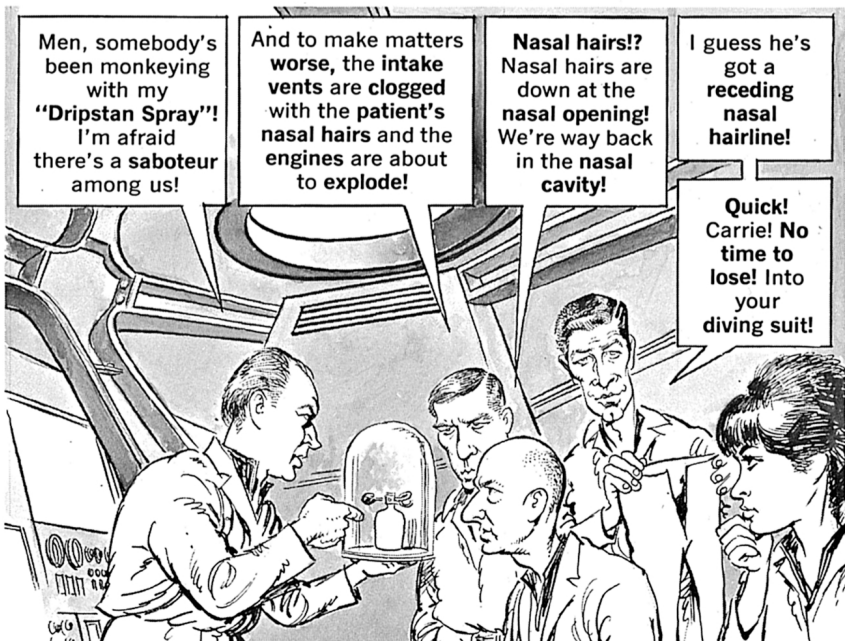

The coughing has stopped, but we're not making any headway here in the throat, Doctor?! Tell us what's wrong?
There are no Bad Breath Germs to supply traction. The patient is obviously a regular "Listerine" gargler!
Quick! Turn on the "Pepsi-Cola" Dispensers!
The ship is moving again!
Those Bad Breath Germs certainly multiplied fast once we washed out the "Listerine" with Soda Pop!

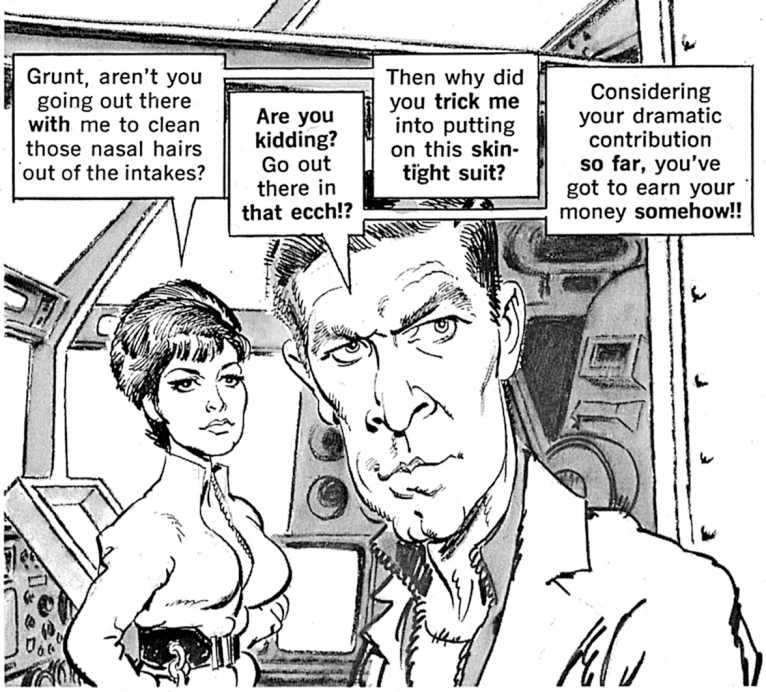

We're entering the mouth—and our way is blocked by that strange object! It looks like . . . like Electronic Equipment!
Another unexpected complication! The patient broadcasts Bad Breath! Quick! Fire the "Clorets With Retsyn" Discs!

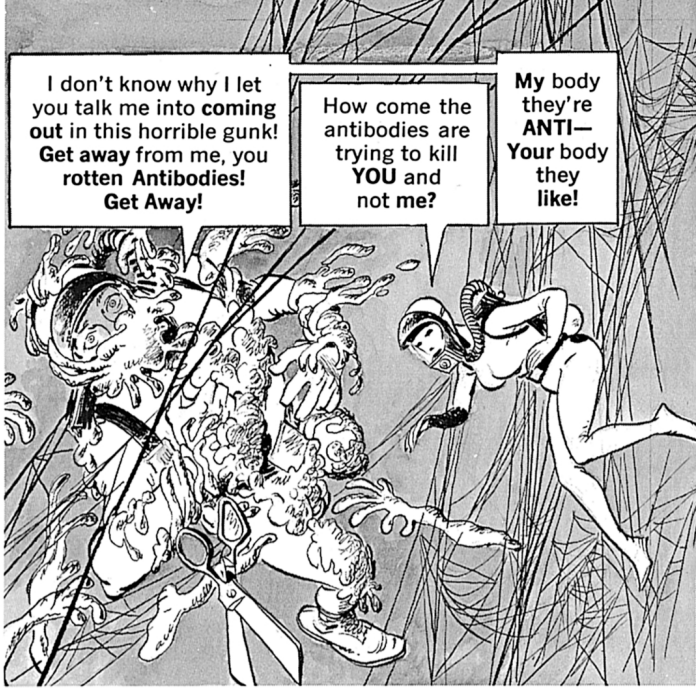

That should dissolve his Bad Breath transmitter, eh, Doctor!
Right! And now nothing stands between us and his congested nasal passages!

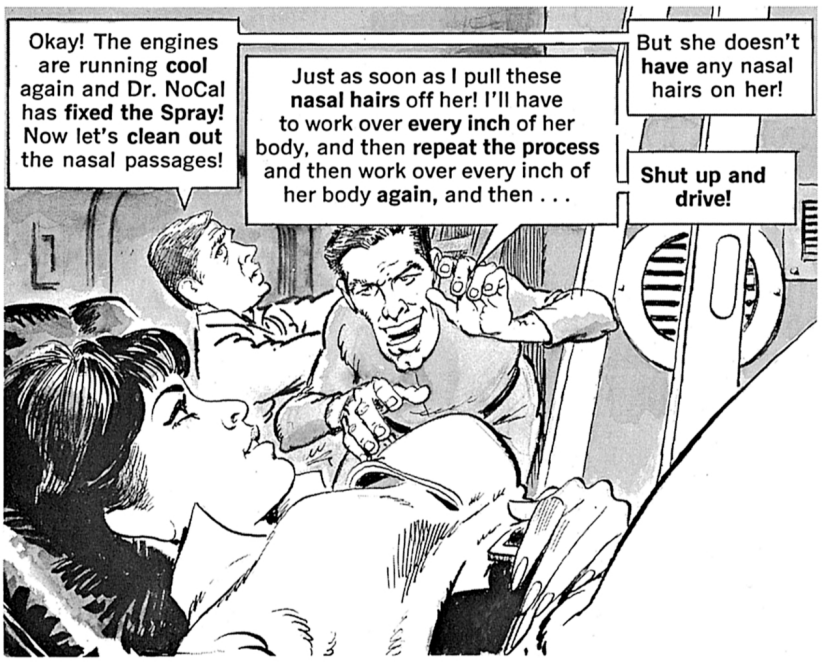

We're not moving! The ship's stopped dead!!
What's bogged us down now, Doctor?!
We were skirting the edge of the patient's upper plate . . . and now we're in the grip of his "Polident"!

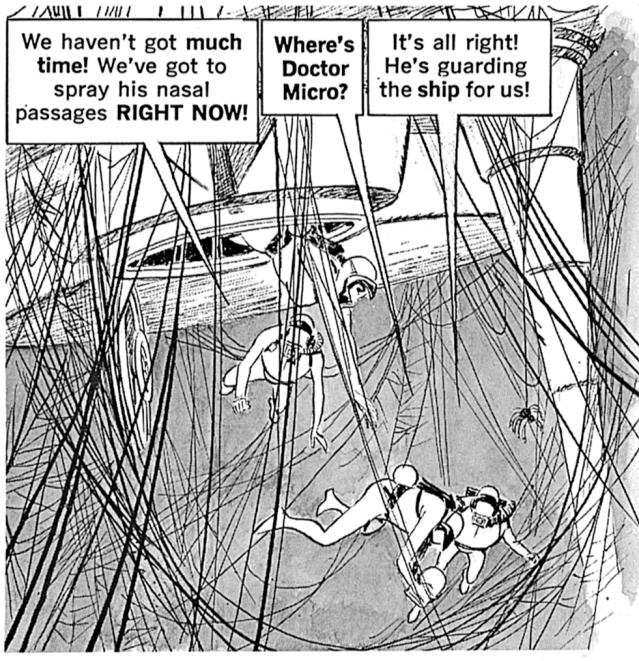

Just twelve seconds to go, Mr. Conman! Do you think they'll make it?
It's out of our hands now! All we can do is pray! Somebody get me the "Good Book"!
All we've got is this 1951 Edition of "Advertising Age", sir—
That's okay! The "OLD Testament" will do!

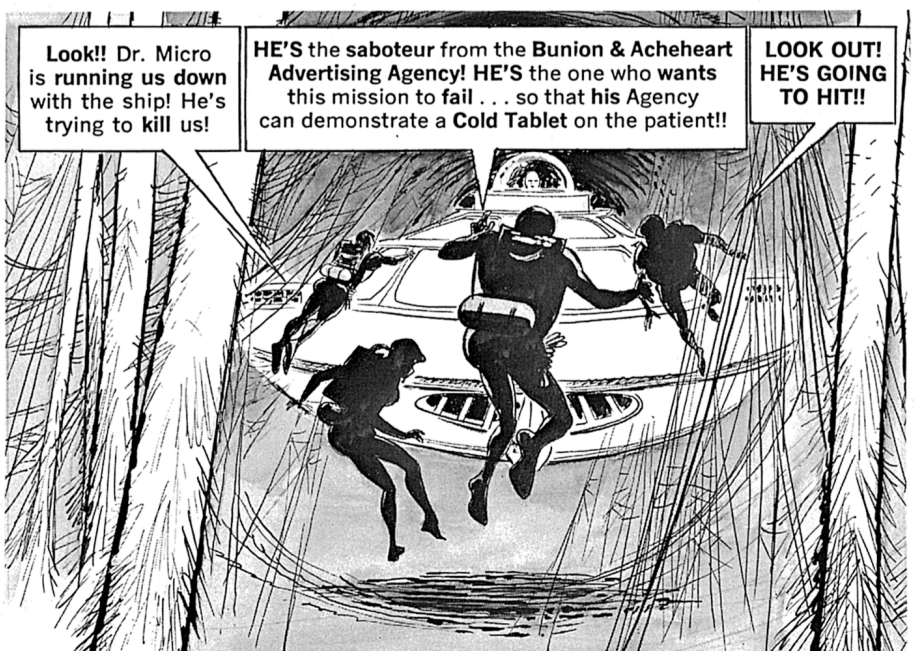

Men, somebody's been monkeying with my "Dripstan Spray"! I'm afraid there's a saboteur among us!
And to make matters worse, the intake vents are clogged with the patient's nasal hairs and the engines are about to explode!
Nasal hairs!? Nasal hairs are down at the nasal opening! We're way back in the nasal cavity!
I guess he's got a receding nasal hairline!
Quick! Carrie! No time to lose! Into your diving suit!


Grunt, aren't you going out there **with** me to clean those nasal hairs out of the intakes?
Are you kidding? Go out there in **that ecch!?**
Then why did you **trick me** into putting on this **skin-tight suit?**
Considering your dramatic contribution **so far,** you've got to earn your money **somehow!!**

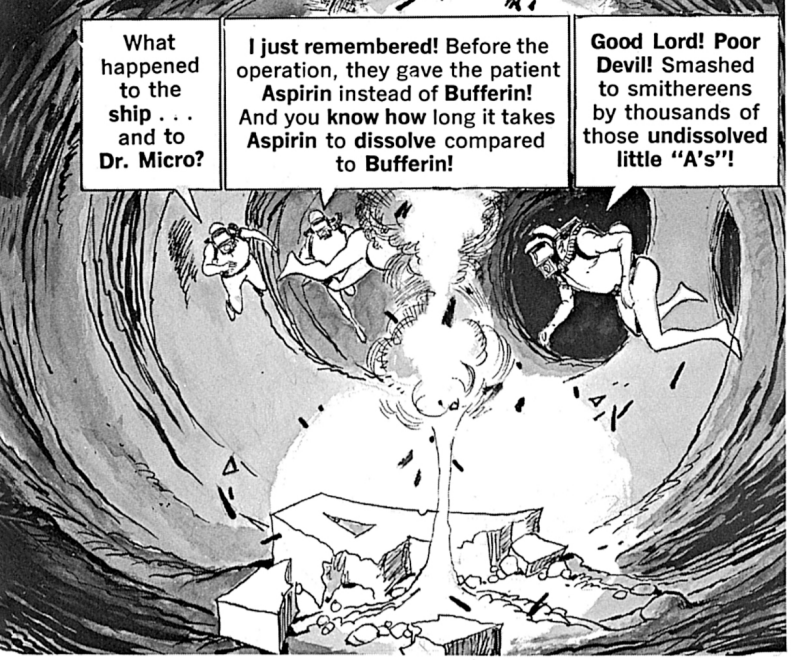

I don't know why I let you talk me into **coming out** in this horrible gunk! **Get away** from me, you **rotten Antibodies! Get Away!**
How come the antibodies are trying to kill **YOU** and not **me?**
My body they're **ANTI— Your** body they **like!**

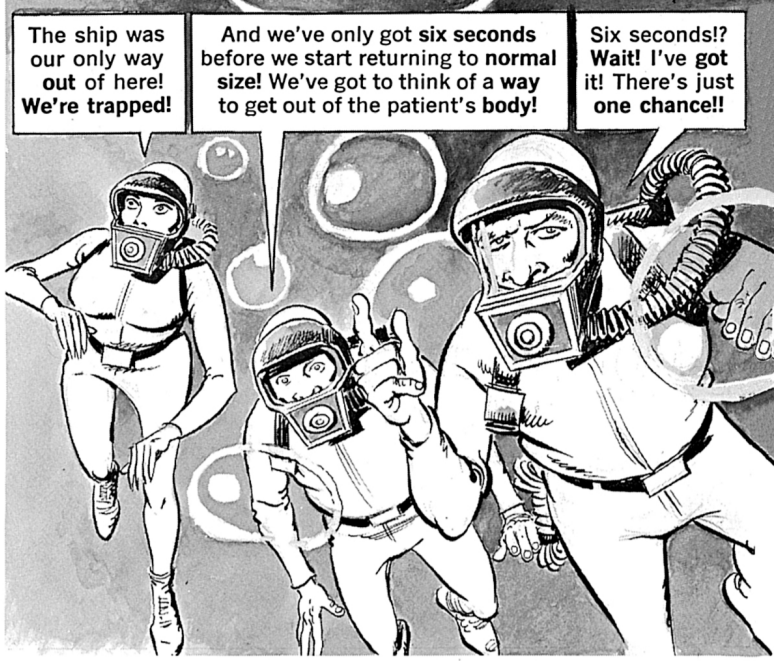

Okay! The engines are running **cool** again and Dr. NoCal has **fixed the Spray!** Now let's **clean out** the nasal passages!
Just as soon as I pull these **nasal hairs** off her! I'll have to work over **every inch** of her body, and then **repeat the process** and then work over every inch of her body **again,** and then . . .
But she doesn't **have** any nasal hairs on her!
Shut up and drive!


We haven't got **much time!** We've got to spray his nasal passages **RIGHT NOW!**
Where's Doctor Micro?
It's all right! He's guarding the **ship** for us!

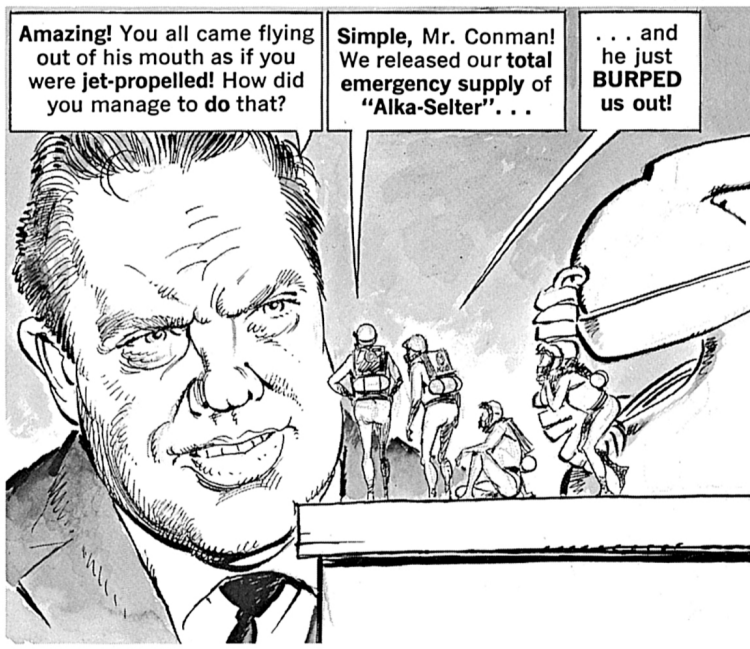

Look!! Dr. Micro is **running us down** with the ship! He's trying to **kill us!**
HE'S the **saboteur** from the **Bunion & Acheheart Advertising Agency! HE'S** the one who **wants** this mission to **fail** . . . so that **his** Agency can demonstrate a **Cold Tablet** on the patient!!
LOOK OUT! HE'S GOING TO HIT!!

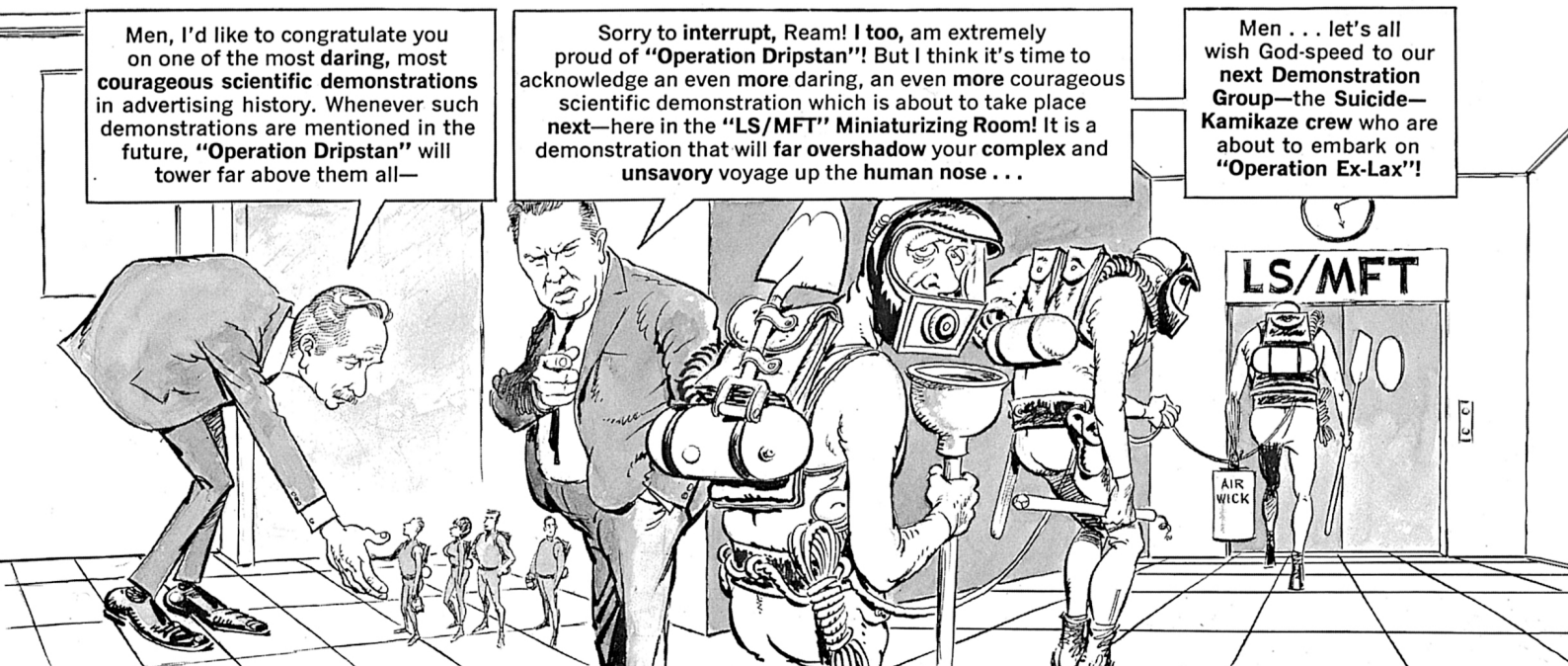
CRASH!


What happened to the **ship** . . . and to **Dr. Micro?**
I just remembered! Before the operation, they gave the patient **Aspirin** instead of **Bufferin!** And you **know how** long it takes **Aspirin** to **dissolve** compared to **Bufferin!**
Good Lord! Poor Devil! Smashed to smithereens by thousands of those **undissolved little "A's"!**


The ship was our only way **out** of here! **We're trapped!**
And we've only got **six seconds** before we start returning to **normal size!** We've got to think of a **way** to get out of the patient's **body!**
Six seconds!? **Wait!** I've **got** it! There's just **one chance!!**

IN... JUST SIX SECONDS... YOU WILL SEE... HOW WE ESCAPE CA-LA-MITY...


Amazing! You all came flying out of his mouth as if you were **jet-propelled!** How did you manage to **do** that?
Simple, Mr. Conman! We released our **total emergency supply** of **"Alka-Selter"**. . .
. . . and he just **BURPED us out!**


Men, I'd like to congratulate you on one of the most **daring,** most **courageous scientific demonstrations** in advertising history. Whenever such demonstrations are mentioned in the future, **"Operation Dripstan"** will tower far above them all—
Sorry to **interrupt,** Ream! **I too,** am extremely proud of **"Operation Dripstan"!** But I think it's time to acknowledge an even **more** daring, an even **more** courageous scientific demonstration which is about to take place **next**—here in the **"LS/MFT" Miniaturizing Room!** It is a demonstration that will **far overshadow** your **complex** and **unsavory** voyage up the **human nose . . .**
Men . . . let's all wish God-speed to our **next Demonstration Group**—the **Suicide—Kamikaze crew** who are about to embark on **"Operation Ex-Lax"!**
LS/MFT
AIR WICK

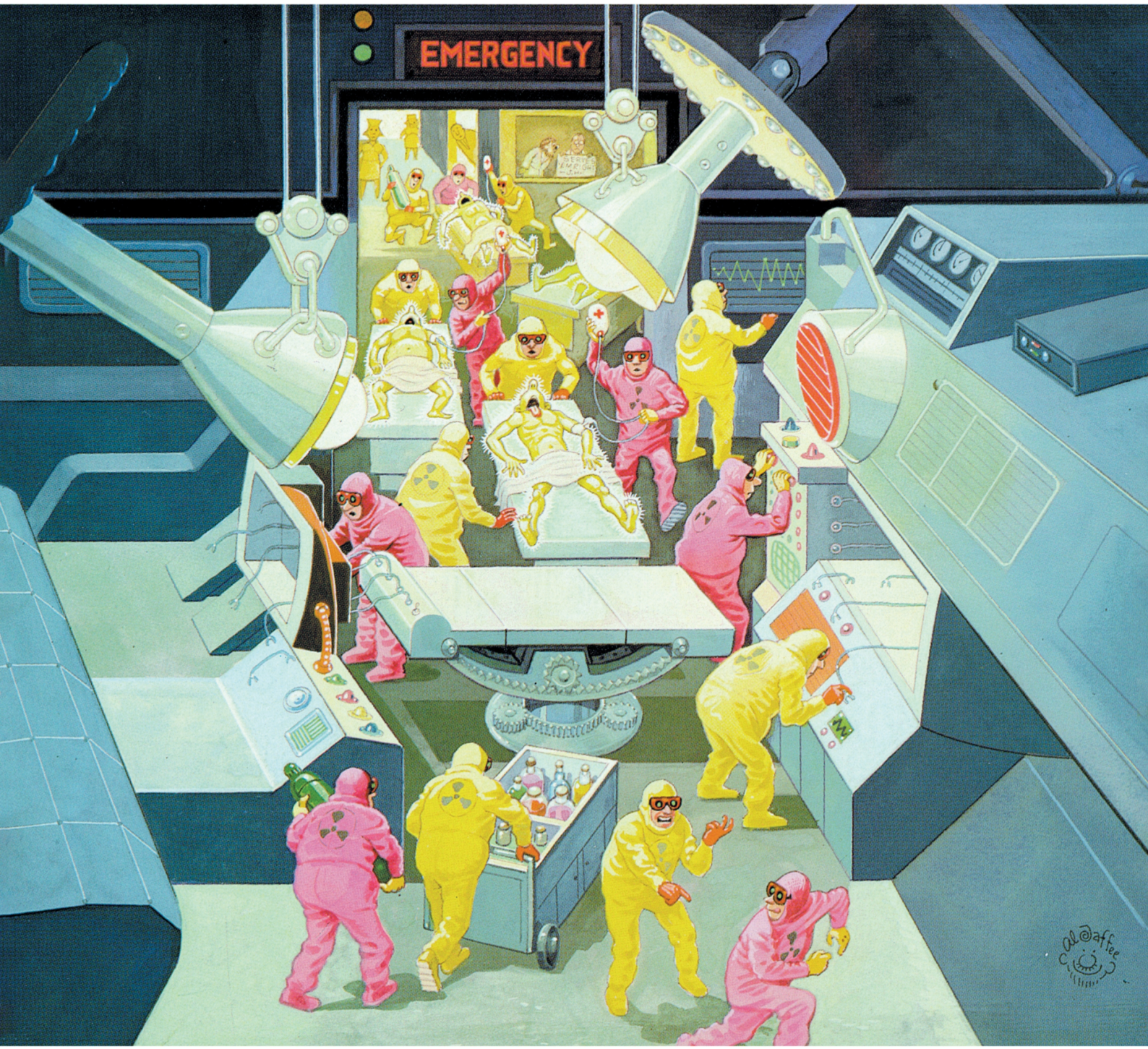
WHAT IS THE LATEST, MOST TERRIBLE FORM OF RADIO ACTIVITY?

HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH ANOTHER MAD FOLD-IN

We all know the horrors of radio-activity. To see an absolutely awful example of it, fold in page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



STEADILY AND RESOLUTELY THE AUTHORITIES ARE FUELING THE PUBLIC'S SENSE OF DANGER. SUFFERING HARM FROM CATASTROPHE IS NOW ONE OF THE MOST COMMON FEARS.

A ▶ ◀ B

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

WHAT IS THE LATEST, MOST TERRIBLE FORM OF RADIO ACTIVITY?

HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH ANOTHER

MAD FOLD-IN

We all know the horrors of radio-activity. To see an absolutely awful example of it, fold in page as shown.

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

STEADILY AND RESOLUTELY THE AUTHORITIES ARE FUELING THE PUBLIC'S SENSE OF DANGER. SUFFERING HARM FROM CATASTROPHE IS NOW ONE OF THE MOST COMMON FEARS.

WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE

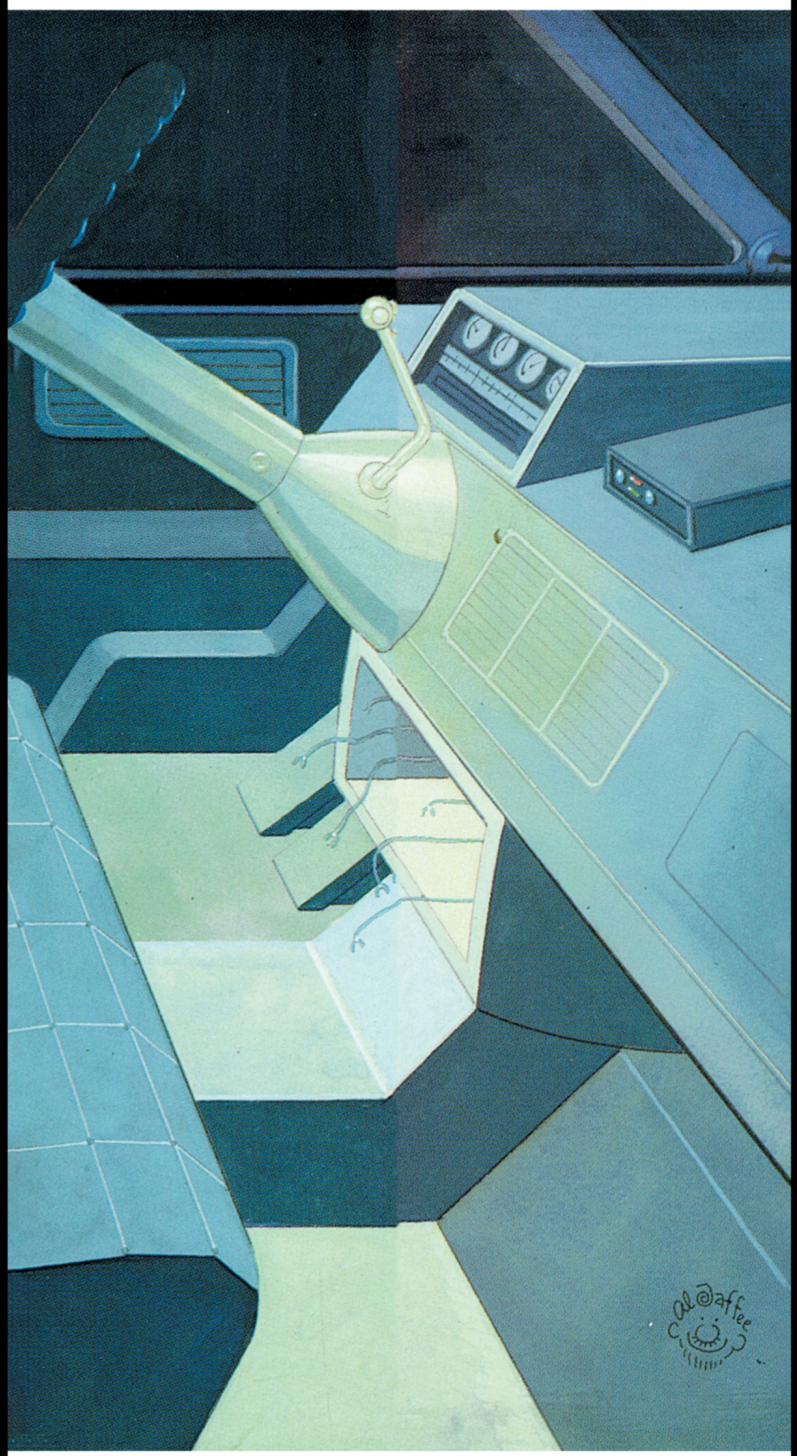
A ▶

◀ B

WHAT IS THE LATEST, MOST TERRIBLE FORM OF RADIO ACTIVITY?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



STEALING THEM FROM CARS.

A ▶◀ B

MAD™